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THE MEANEST OF TAXES.

The tariff bill now under consideration by Congress is, viewed as a whole, a rational embodiment of the pledges of the party which was given control of the administration for the express purpose of enacting such a measure, and, as such, offers cause for congratulation to those who understand the simple proposition that all forms of special privilege are undemocratic and inimical to the interests of the whole people. It makes a notable extension of the free list, and it reduces to reasonable proportions many rates of duty that have been swollen to outrageous figures by the gluttonous greed of the hogs that have been permitted to crowd about the tariff feeding-trough for many years past. But in the general chorus of approval that comes from the throats of all save the above-mentioned animals (whose grunts of dissatisfaction supply the harmony with its *basso ostinato*), there is one discordant strain of disgust and indignation that deserves a hearing, because it voices the disappointment of all educated men at the discovery that the tax on knowledge is to remain as a disgrace to our statute-book.

President Wilson is so obviously and typically a representative of the scholarly class of our citizenship that it seems almost unbelievable that he should not have used his utmost influence to secure the abolition of the import duty on books. When the measure at last found its way into print, we turned to it with the confident expectation of finding that this obnoxious tax had been deleted, and found, to our amazement, that it had merely been made the subject of a compromise—that fifteen per cent had been substituted for the twenty-five per cent hitherto assessed. It is a case in which the principle is so much more important than the amount of the tax that we are unable to say "for this relief, much thanks," and must continue to protest against the new rate, as we have always protested against the old one, as an intolerable exaction, as an expression of a spirit that gives the lie to all our boast of encouraging education, or of caring for the higher interests of civilization. When even the tax on art is no longer left to shame us in our own eyes and in the eyes of the enlightened part of the world, the far more atrocious tax on learning is, it seems, to

be perpetuated. Our laws discriminate everywhere, and quite properly, in favor of religious and moral endeavor, in favor of the special claims of women and children to protection, in favor of charity and philanthropy, in favor of art and science and education, and here, in a violent contradiction of spirit, they still propose to discriminate against the cultivation of intelligence by putting an artificial difficulty in the way of the scholar who seeks to secure the professional tools of his trade. The physician, the clergyman, the engineer, the historian, the philologist, the poet, and all the others who constitute the class of our most desirable citizens must continue to be taxed by the national government upon the instruments necessary to their efficiency. It is surely a topsy-turvy civilization in which such a thing is possible.

The amount of the tax, it need hardly be urged, is not the question at issue. The real objection to the imposition is twofold, resting upon both theoretical and practical grounds. As a matter of principle, the tax is indefensible because it places a stigma upon forms of endeavor that it is the duty of every civilized government to encourage. As a matter of practice, it makes it impossible for a scholar to send to London for a book that he needs, and have it brought to his house by the postman; to obtain an English book that is dutiable is now a complicated enterprise that has to be carefully planned out. It involves not only paying the few cents of the tax, but also the paying of various fees and a certain amount of vexatious correspondence. In the simplest case, when the victim is fortunate enough to live at a port of entry, it involves an interview with the collector of customs, and a possible altercation as to the value of the book which the postal authorities have delivered up for duty. What it means to a scholar who lives in some town far removed from a custom-house, we can only conjecture, never having had his experience, but it probably means that he will go without the desired book rather than suffer the many annoyances attendant upon getting it.

And all for what? To the government, for an amount of revenue that is absolutely insignificant, to say nothing of the moral cost at which it is secured, for an amount of revenue that is perhaps two per cent of that which the government renounces by putting sugar on the free list. To the American printer, for a remotely possible and minutely fractional reduction in the total of his type-setting. To the American publisher, for a problematical slight increase in the sale

of the very few books that may be sufficiently similar to those desired from London to be purchased instead. And with every such sale, a burning indignation in the breast of the customer because he is forced to do with the makeshift. For it cannot be too emphatically pointed out that the taxation of English books does not, except in very rare instances, protect American publishers in the sense of enlarging the sales of their own publications. One book does not, as a general rule, compete with another, and the scholar who is thwarted in getting what he wants is not very likely to substitute for it something which he wants much less, if at all. And yet, every argument that is ever advanced in favor of the taxation of English books is advanced as ostensibly in the interest of the Treasury, the typographical union, or the American publisher. Besides these, there is only the chauvinistic plea that all foreign ideas and products (especially in thought and art) are under suspicion as corrupting to our robust Americanism. But these arguments and pleas, miserable as they are, trivial, unworthy, and narrow-minded, have for many years burdened our intellectual life with what we have called the meanest of taxes, and seem likely to be allowed to continue so to burden it, unless the outcry against the tax shall acquire sufficient volume to force its way into the pachydermatous minds of our national law-makers, and awaken some glimmering consciousness of the unintelligence of their present determination in this vital matter of their attitude toward education, and scholarship, and spiritual enlightenment.

*OPEN MINDS: A TEXT FROM
WILLIAM JAMES.*

William James's vigorous onslaughts on the closed systems of rationalism, together with his insistence on "pragmatic openness of mind," will very likely be remembered when the substance of his philosophy—if one may disengage it from his attitude—shall have been forgotten. Like Emerson, he will doubtless be finally esteemed as a knight-errant of the human spirit, intent not on gathering his intellectual wealth within an imposing and impregnable fortress, but rather on freeing the aspirations of men and enabling them to enjoy "a healthy-minded buoyancy" in the wide, open universe. In all his writings, I think there is nothing more typical of his attitude than this phrase: "and thereupon to come to a full stop intellectually." No land could be so fair that one might wisely linger in it; no reading of earth could be profitable if one read only a few chapters.

Movement, to James, is the first essential of mental life—and movement without a terminus.

It must be added, though hardly in detraction, that in preaching eloquently the value of open-mindedness, James was not so much a prophet of the next age as a typical voice of his own—our own—time. The open mind is particularly abundant rather than particularly rare to-day. Dogma has perhaps never been so unpopular; written creeds are interpreted with comfortable laxity, unwritten creeds are very fluid; few men can support a panacea for a lifetime; in the arts, in criticism, one will seldom detect standards. "The bellyband of its universe," says James of rationalism, "must be tight"; but although a few of our philosophers may affect a tight bellyband when they dress up the universe, the age is for the most part shockingly *negligée*. We do not require that a man, in his acts and utterances, be consistent with his past; instead, we merely expect him to look toward the future. No one is respected so heartily as the man with the open mind.

Now, it would be absurd to regard open-mindedness as intrinsically more desirable than thick-headedness. Pragmatism, if nothing else, would quickly lead us to that conclusion. As every virtue has its defect if we let it sprawl, so to speak, open-mindedness may mean nothing better than intellectual confusion. "Our past apperceives and coöperates," writes Professor James; "and in the new equilibrium in which each step forward in the process of learning terminates, it happens relatively seldom that the new fact is added *raw*. More usually it is embedded cooked, as one might say, or stewed down in the sauce of the old." But to point out the exact stage of the process when the new knowledge is thoroughly cooked is extremely difficult; and one suspects that, after all, a great deal is added raw or only slightly cooked.

To be open-minded often implies, in this strangely confused, mirthful, aspiring twentieth century, that we are fervid in the causes of out-door sleeping, psychical research, woman's suffrage, eugenics, the latest species of socialism, moving pictures in the church, perhaps even free love. If you shy at any one of these, and dash down the road to the old and tried pastures, you are a "reactionary,"—a term of abuse which I venture to think no more opprobrious than Cotton Mather's "Frenchman." (Speaking of Mather one might, by the way, raise the interesting question whether he was or was not open-minded in believing in witchcraft, that curious progenitor of psychical research.) But if you decide to be a "progressive" and espouse the causes of the day, what shall you do in the event of their failing? To-day you are open-minded if you believe in out-door sleeping; but if the physicians tell us to-morrow, as they may be expected to do, when we are all sleeping under the stars, that out-door sleeping is unquestionably the cause of appendicitis, why then you will be open-minded if you buy an old-fashioned four-poster and sleep in your bedroom.

Readiness to receive anything and everything

into one's mental storehouse we might call democratic open-mindedness. Under this form of intellectual government all ideas enjoy sufferance, or if you will suffrage. In religion, the democratic open mind will declare that Christ was assuredly divine and that there is no reason why we should refuse to believe in miracles, even though the charming assertions of the higher criticism and of evolution are equally true; in politics, it will accept radical forms of direct popular government and remind you that the idea of representative government must be retained in its purity; in music, it will applaud the person who remarks that Beethoven has never been improved upon, and at the same time it will maintain that Debussy has ushered in a new and glorious era of musical history; in literature, it will grant the preëminence of Fielding and Thackeray, on hearsay, perhaps, and rise to effervescent enthusiasm over the novels of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Wells; in painting, it will adore Titian and Velasquez and think that the eccentricities of Post-Impressionism are sublime; in the enchanting world of sports, it will assert that football is superior to any other sport save baseball, cricket, hockey, and a dozen others, that walking is the noblest form of recreation but that an automobile tour is the "greatest thing ever." It will embrace all things with apparently the same degree of fervor; and if you suspect it of mental indigestion, will look so robust that you would be quite tactless if you voiced your suspicion. The democratic open mind is so optimistic and genial that it is immensely popular—it is supremely adapted to the mood of society, having no rough edges, no prejudices, no reticences.

Indeed, so desirable is the democratic open mind, from the social point of view, that it is often imitated by those who are temperamentally unfit for it. In such cases the result is generally uncomfortable to the imitator and to society. The sense of incongruity is as obvious as in cases of "kittenish" deportment on the part of elephantine persons, or stylish dress indulged in by those whom the styles do not fit. Your imitator of the democratic open mind is always aware of the inconsistencies that his attitude toward life is based on, and they make him very unhappy. He

"Knows what he knows as if he knew it not,
What he remembers seems to have forgot.
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centring at last in having none at all."

He is not born to the part, and consequently totally lacks the magnificent impudence of the genuine democratic open mind.

A much commoner creature than either of the above is the snobbish open mind. The snobbish open mind welcomes only what is unhackneyed, prizes only what has an indefeasible claim on novelty. Now, novelty may imply newness of more than one kind. In a period when the leaders of thought look to the past for inspiration and authority, novelty will mean what is very old—may apply to Pre-Raphaelitism as well as to Post-

Impressionism. To-day, however, when the old is anathema, novelty has in strictness only one meaning—what is so modern that it would have startled the old fogies. The snobbish open mind is primarily interested in what is recent, and will prefer contemporary third-rate or fifth-rate excellence to the first-rate excellence of the past. It is in perpetual alarm lest the name or the cause that it celebrates should meet general recognition and thus lose the essential trait of novelty. A few years ago one could easily make a blue-book—or a black list—of the snobbish open minds by recording the membership of the Browning Clubs. To-day Browning has receded into the past, he has won a fairly definite and secure position, and the Browning Clubs, alas, are becoming more and more “respectable.” Your snobbish open mind ignores him as it ignores Donne, and bestows its affection on the performance of M. Bergson and his fascinating trained bear, the *élan vital*, or on the scintillant heterodoxy and orthodoxy of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton. It admires Debussy, though less emotionally than a few years ago, and is inclined to scorn Bach and Beethoven and even the more recondite Brahms. Could Bach have composed a “L’Isle Joyeuse”?—it does not occur to the snobbish open mind that Debussy could never compose a “Das wohltemperirte Klavier.” The sober, old-fashioned people who shudder at discord and refuse to grant that Debussy has “form,” are promptly reminded that the heresy of one period is the orthodoxy of the next; and if the old-fashioned people humbly suggest that not all heresy is finally orthodoxy, that some of it is merely forgotten, they are asked what *they* know about it, since the future alone can tell what will happen in the future.

From a social point of view, the snobbish open mind is of course less desirable than the democratic. Since there are many people who unite the qualities of excellence and conservatism, the snob finds himself engaged in incessant petty frays and now and again a pitched battle. Whereas the democratic open mind instinctively adopts the opinions that it encounters, the snobbish open mind is given to a fondness of

“contradiction for its own sweet sake,”

and is a little hurt if you agree with it. It has no love for flabby democracy: if the topic of eugenics is broached, and if you emit a spark of enthusiasm, the snob has no opportunity to display his superiority. If, however, you hint at your disapproval, up goes the defiant chin, the eyes rain fire as from batteries, and verbal arguments pour into you like grape and canister. No quarter is given, the ammunition is inexhaustible, even the call to dinner may afford no refuge; and if you do escape, how bourgeois you feel! One can hardly say that the snobbish open mind is desirable socially. It is vehemently prejudiced, and may be termed open only in the sense that it welcomes every fad.

These several types of open mind wellnigh exhaust the possibilities. Clearly, they are, as we have intimated, not preferable to the thick heads

that oppose them and that help to make this world so delightfully diverse. But there is another type of the open mind, a type entirely admirable, more useful, indeed, than any kind of thick-headedness. It is not democratic—does not espouse everything; it is not snobbish—does not choose the unusual on the assumption that the unusual is superior; it is, rather, aristocratic, in a good sense, holding to that which is best. It is this type, I suppose, that William James implied by his phrase “pragmatic openness of mind,” though for my part I suspect that pragmatism tends to be somewhat democratic.

The following passage from James’s address at the Emerson centenary in Concord illustrates pretty clearly what I mean by the aristocratic open mind:

“Such a conviction that Divinity is everywhere may make of one an optimist of the sentimental type that refuses to speak ill of anything [this is our democratic type]. Emerson’s drastic perception of differences kept him at the opposite pole from this weakness. . . . Never was such a fastidious lover of significance and distinction, and never an eye so keen for their discovery. His optimism had nothing in common with that indiscriminate hurrahing for the Universe with which Walt Whitman has made us familiar.”

Whitman is an excellent example of the democratic open mind, having as few prejudices as any human being is likely ever to have; and Emerson is an excellent example of the aristocratic open mind, not because he had many prejudices—an open mind, by definition, cannot have—but because he had that love of significance and distinction that James described so well. Wherever Emerson went, he went as a learner, believing that each man sees Truth from a different angle and might give him what he could not get unaided. He was ready to test the virtue of the most unpromising Transcendental whims, even when they sent him to his study break-fastless. Believing that work in the garden might be ennobling, he plied the spade at the risk, as his little son once remarked, of digging his leg. But having been open-minded enough to experiment, he was also open-minded enough to recognize that the experiments failed—henceforth, like a wise man, he enjoyed his breakfast and did little work in the garden. Without accepting recklessly, he tried everything, believing that “man was made for conflict, not for rest. . . . The truest state of mind rested in becomes false.” His greatness consists largely in his discriminating type of open mind, just as Cardinal Newman’s conspicuous limit consists in the fact that his mind, though it contained untold wealth, was deliberately kept shut.

The sifting instinct that is essential in the aristocratic open mind is dependent on standards. Emerson’s standards were those of individualism,—the unfolding of the self according to natural tendency. In Arnold, who had in some respects a more open mind than Emerson, the standards were those of culture, of humanism—the symmetrical development of man to his highest capacity, which involved a regard for institutional life that was absent in Emerson. Standards of some kind are

the primary requirement of aristocratic open-mindedness. To-day, unhappily, standards are excessively rare. Those who possess them are generally thick-headed, and at best remind us of Dr. Johnson's highly engaging prejudices. Abundant as the democratic and the snobbish open minds are, we have few aristocratic open minds. And we urgently need more of them. NORMAN FOERSTER.

CASUAL COMMENT.

FOND MEMORIES OF BOOK-LAND, as it revealed itself to the eager eyes of unspoilt childhood, are cherished by all adults who have not been the victims of literary starvation in those hungry years from infancy to adolescence. A responsive chord will be struck in many a breast by Mr. Henry James's account of the effect produced on his young imagination by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In "A Small Boy and Others," reviewed elsewhere in this issue, he says: "We lived and moved at that time, with great intensity, in Mrs. Stowe's novel—which, recalling my prompt and charmed acquaintance with it, I should perhaps substitute for *The Initials*, earlier mentioned here, as my first experiment in grown-up fiction. There was, however, I think, for that triumphant work no classified condition; it was for no sort of reader as distinct from any other sort, save indeed for Northern as differing from Southern: it knew the large felicity of gathering in alike the small and the simple and the big and the wise, and had above all the extraordinary fortune of finding itself, for an immense number of people, much less a book than a state of vision, of feeling and of consciousness, in which they did not sit and read and appraise and pass the time, but walked and talked and laughed and cried, and, in a manner of which Mrs. Stowe was the irresistible cause, generally conducted themselves." How much of boyhood's actual impressions, and how much of Mr. James's later conception of what those impressions must have been, or ought to have been, is to be found in his interesting and always characteristic references to books read and things seen and persons met in those formative years, who can say? . . .

THE LATE EDWARD DOWDEN'S LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS, in the way of number and quality of his published works, make an impressive showing when summed up in obituary notice of the lamented scholar and critic whose recent death leaves a sad gap in the ranks of the older English writers of solid attainments and recognized authority. His long term of service as Professor of English Literature at Dublin University, where he was educated and where he received his appointment in 1867, at the age of twenty-four, was diversified with the production of many critical studies for a larger public than that with which he came in contact as teacher and lecturer. His various writings on Shakespeare are among the best fruits of his scholarship and industry,

as is also his elaborate biography of Shelley, even after all deductions have been made which the reader of Mark Twain's famous onslaught on the book may feel inclined to make. Wordsworth and Southey were also among Dowden's favorites, and so were Browning and Montaigne; and of them all he wrote with critical appreciation and in a manner acceptable to readers. His various collections of shorter essays, such as "Transcripts and Studies," "Studies in Literature," and "New Studies in Literature," have brought him deserved fame as a sound literary critic and an engaging writer. Characteristic of Dowden the bookman was the fact, recorded in "Who's Who," that his chief recreation was book-collecting. Born in 1843 (May 3), he had nearly completed his seventieth year when death overtook him. . . .

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY ON THE PRAIRIE is not yet, and for some time will not be, the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. In the State of Iowa, for example, where the Public Library Commission is only about as old as the century, it is announced by the Secretary of that body, in her current biennial Report, that the number of free public libraries on the municipal tax basis has now reached one hundred and twelve, with one additional library maintained by private endowment; also, within the past year, two additional county-seat towns have voted in favor of the establishment and maintenance of public libraries, thus reducing the number of shire towns without libraries to fourteen. A striking contrast this, of course, to the condition of things in the thickly-settled Eastern States, where the town or village without some sort of library privileges is fast becoming the exception. But Iowa has made a good beginning and will achieve great results in time, though when it is remembered that there are in the State not far from two hundred towns with a population of one thousand or more, of which little above one-half are yet provided with libraries—to say nothing of the smaller settlements—the task for the future will be acknowledged to be a big one. Travelling libraries, however, and local library associations are sowing the seed of future permanent libraries. An interesting fact to be noted in this connection is the liberality shown by Mr. Carnegie in helping on the movement; either alone or, in a few instances, with other benefactors he has provided with buildings seventy-four of the one hundred and twelve public libraries in Iowa. . . .

HOW TO PRESERVE ONE'S SELF-RESPECT, THOUGH A WRITER, is a problem of vital interest to comparatively few, but to those few it is indeed something more than an academic question. A contemporary author of distinction has been heard to declare that he should be ashamed to have written a book that had sold to the extent of one hundred thousand copies. There is somewhere in Crabbe's poems a delightful character, a scholar, who "might have writ a book but that his pride in the not writing was

more gratified"—the quotation may not be exact. Charles Lamb, racking his brain for a daily half-dozen jokes for the newspaper press, and receiving a paltry sixpence apiece for his witticisms, and at about the same time writing for the "Morning Post," "where more than two-thirds of his materials are superciliously rejected," as Mr. Lucas tells us, presents a rather pathetic spectacle. In the "Open Letters" of the April "Century" many readers will have noted Mr. Simeon Strunsky's shrewd comments on certain features of present-day journalism. In the form of a letter "to a future graduate of the School of Journalism," he amusingly contrasts the methods of the writer for pay and the writer for something less expressible in terms of dollars and cents. To a supposed reporter of the latter class he says, in closing: "You will have to work for a respectable newspaper and be a thirty-dollar man for some years to come. But, after all, is n't it true of every calling that you must pay back your employer for the self-respect he permits you to retain? . . . In general, you will be granted the luxury of so doing your work as to inflict a minimum of pain on the weak and the innocent. . . . And I imagine you will find the thirty-dollar job quite as profitable as the other kind, in the long run." Yes, there are destinies more unenviable than that of him who adopts the motto of the early Edinburgh Reviewers and cultivates the Muse on a little oatmeal.

THE DIGNITY OF THE LIBRARIAN'S OFFICE will be belittled by no librarian worthy of his high calling. Others may here and there be found who hold in too little esteem both that official himself and the position he occupies. Even our honored Emerson, no scoffer in general, allows himself something like a sneer at the profession in his assertion that the custody of books carries with it no guaranty of superior learning in the custodian. Evidently he had not read and pondered the words of that excellent bibliothecary, Jared Bean, who in his justly famous "Old Librarian's Almanack" thus expresses himself: "I am sensible that there will be some who will enquire as to what qualities should be possess'd by him who stands thus as Guardian of the Books. These may think (if perchance the hasty and frivolous workings of their ill-taught minds may be so dignified as to call it thinking) that it matters little what the character of the Librarian be. Such as these cannot too soon become aware of their error. For how can it be possible that a man can act as Warder of the accumulated record of the world's wisdom, piety, learning, & experience, and hold the same in necessary reverence, if he be not a person of sober and Godly life, learn'd, virtuous, chaste, moral, frugal, and temperate?" A worthy follower in the footsteps of Jared Bean is the head of the Leavenworth Free Public Library, who, entering upon his present duties within the past year, so conceives of the true significance of his office that in the very opening sentence of his current Report, after proper salutation to the Board of Directors, he

declares: "Without doubt the occurrence of greatest importance to the Library in the course of the year has been the change of librarians." And the pages that succeed this remark carry conviction to the reader that under its new administration the Leavenworth Library is growing in usefulness. Its circulation advances, its book-collection increases, its activities widen.

THE INSISTENT DEMAND FOR ART IN THE THEATRE—for the play with an idea behind it and originality in its accessories—continues to upset the complacency of the commercial managers and to put the thinking public, which is proving itself to be hopefully numerous in some quarters, in the mood for theatrical experiments by managers in the mood to try them. One of the most recent of these is the opening of the Princess Theatre in New York, where a clever and versatile repertory company, under the direction of Mr. Holbrook Blinn, will devote its talents to the production of short plays, such as have made the fame of the "little theatres" of Paris. The capacity of the Princess is about the same as that of Mr. Ames's Little Theatre; and its decorative scheme, if not so original as Mr. Ames's, is still unusual and very beautiful. The theatre's policy of producing short plays of merit, hitherto relegated to the menial position of "curtain-raisers" (when they were fortunate enough to be produced at all), is one to arouse enthusiasm in the hearts of drama-lovers imbued with the modern spirit. The opening bill, consisting of two comic skits, and one grimly, one gaily tragic piece, is novel and engrossing enough in material, and played with sufficient cleverness and versatility, to presage some measure of success, at least, for the experiment of the Princess Players. The Parisian flavor of the entertainment is unnecessarily accentuated at present, but it is not essential to the idea; and as the one-act playwrights discover the Princess and the Princess discovers them, New York's first "théâtre à côté" will, we hope, develop a flavor of its own, as clever and as modern as its Parisian counterparts, but saner and more thoroughly artistic.

IMPROVIDENT POETS not only escape the serious censure of posterity for their unthrifty habits, but even have a way of winning added favor by reason of this very lack of worldly foresight. Poe's inability to extricate himself from his pecuniary straits endears him the more to his readers and admirers; Whittier's Quaker thrift gains our approval and esteem, but excites no warmer feeling. Shelley's impulsive giving of his precarious income to Godwin and others, followed by a compulsory avoidance of impatient creditors, seems quite in keeping with the poet temperament; Browning's sleek and prosperous appearance moves the observer to question whether that can indeed be the author of "The Ring and the Book." The late Francis Thompson, who seems to be more and more coming into his own now that he is no longer among us to serve as fortune's plaything, is said to have been so poor a

manager of his own business affairs that he was as likely as not to throw into the fire the checks received by him in payment for his poems. Another poet (probably less esteemed now as a poet than as an eccentric humorist and a delightful letter-writer) who could show now and then a splendid indifference to his own pecuniary interests, was Edward FitzGerald. On one occasion, after receiving a periodical payment of interest on a mortgage note from a debtor of long standing, he calmly tore up the bond of indebtedness in the man's presence and told him the payments had gone on about long enough and the account might now be considered as squared. The Woodbridge recluse's habit of using Bank of England notes as book-markers is a further illustration of his little regard for the sacredness of property (when it chanced to be his own).

A REMINDER OF BALZAC, and of the terrors that his manuscript is said to have had for the compositor, is about to pass away in the demolition of his house in the Rue Visconti, or the Rue Marais, as it was called in his time. The lengthening of the Rue de Rennes, or other change in the topography of the left bank of the Seine, appears to be causing this removal of ancient Paris landmarks. The storied Passage du Pont Neuf, familiar to readers of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," is already doomed, and now the old house in which Balzac established his printing office must go. And this recalls the ruinously expensive method of literary composition adopted by the always debt-oppressed author of the "Comedy of Human Life." His novels were practically written on a series of printed revises, "César Birotteau" being, it is said, recomposed fifteen times in the twenty days during which it grew and repeatedly reshaped itself under his hand. A compositor, Champfleury has told us, "did his hour of Balzac as a convict did his time in prison." A veritable fiend at cancellation and interlineation the novelist must have been considered by the luckless manipulator of the types. Probably Balzac never read (or if he read it he failed to heed it) Chesterfield's counsel to his son not to allow himself on any pretext the weakness and folly of crossing out a word and writing another over it—a sure sign of indecision and temperamental flabbiness, though those are not the Earl's exact words. Balzac's method was that which the careful Pater afterward made his own, without carrying it to such extremes.

MR. MORGAN'S LIBRARY, of which he never encouraged the publication of any detailed description, has for those who are fond of rare books and costly manuscripts an interest and a charm intensified by something of myth and mystery. We know that that beautiful marble building adjoining his New York residence holds the most splendid private collection of incunabula and illuminated manuscripts and other literary treasures that can anywhere be found; and it is also averred that, like Lorenzo the Magnificent, the late owner of this princely library

not only possessed the taste and the means to acquire the best that was to be had in literature and art, but also was thoroughly familiar with his acquisitions and appreciated their value. A few of the choicest of these treasures may here be named: the "Golden Gospels" of Henry the Eighth, the "Naples Offices of Giulio Clovio," and many other illuminated manuscripts of priceless worth, Caxtons in considerable number, perfect Aldines and "tall" Elzevirs, Byron manuscripts, Blake's original drawings for the "Book of Job," the originals of Horace Walpole's letters, the manuscript of Keats's "Endymion," Shelley's notebook, letters of St. Francis de Sales and of other saints, the originals of many of Burns's poems, manuscripts of Dr. Johnson, Swift, Scott, including nine of the Waverley Novels, and a great number of other masterpieces in the original manuscript; also rare and costly bindings such as nowhere else are to be found.

A DRAMATIC MEETING OF EXTREMES is to be found in the twentieth-century cinematographic presentation of the "Odyssey," written or sung eight hundred years before Christ. Though the scenes and incidents thrown on the screen may not all be free from anachronisms and other errors, the general effect ought to awaken interest in the great epic and to win for it not a few new readers. The time and money required for the preparation of this elaborate production have been more worthily spent than is commonly the case in motion-picture displays. Whatever the crudities of the presentation, it at least helps to familiarize the public with the name of Homer. A similar graphic introduction to the "Iliad" might be made both instructive and entertaining. Such incidents as the fetching of Briseis from the tent of Achilles, Ulysses rebuking and smiting the impudent Thersites, Patroclus donning the armor of Achilles and driving the Trojans before him, his fatal encounter with Hector, the combat between Hector and Achilles, and Priam begging the body of his son for burial, would serve to outline the famous story of the wrath of the Greek chieftain and its momentous consequences. The people, especially the young people, insist on having their motion-pictures; let them, then, have such as may incite them to the reading of good literature.

THE FULL NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS are often as little familiar to their readers as is the further side of the moon to astronomers. Not one in twenty of those who have read Oscar Wilde could give his baptismal names unabridged,—Oscar Fingall O'Flaherty Wills. Likewise few know that Charles Lever's full name is Charles James Lever, that Victor Hugo is short for Victor Marie Hugo (perhaps he had other names also), that Woodrow Wilson was named Thomas Woodrow, that Charles Dickens received at the baptismal font the fuller designation of Charles John Huffam, and so on. A few weeks ago there appeared in the New York "Sun" a communication from Mr. William Henry Bishop in which he says that when he was consul

at Genoa he one day chanced to find in the official archives a letter written by the author of "Bracebridge Hall" and signed "George Washington Irving," but that, though he regarded the signature as good evidence of Irving's having been christened in the fuller form thus indicated, he had been unable to confirm this assumption by other testimony. The biographers and the compilers of biographical dictionaries do indeed seem to be uninformed of this apparent suppression of his first name by Irving in his ordinary correspondence. But our researches in the matter have not been exhaustive.

AN EVENT OF SIGNIFICANCE IN THE PUBLISHING WORLD was the recent quarter-centennial celebration, at Philadelphia, of the Jewish Publication Society of America, an organization that has its headquarters in the Quaker City and that has done much to prove to the world the high quality of Hebrew scholarship. It takes pardonable pride in its early recognition of Mr. Israel Zangwill's merit as a writer, and in the fact that some of that author's first works bear the Society's imprint. Good English translations from ancient and modern Hebrew literature are among its noteworthy publications. That the Jew has a way of demonstrating his ability and zeal in whatever he undertakes is generally recognized. In our public schools, the intellectual battle-ground of the youth of many nationalities, no class of pupils can be found of greater average quickness to learn and desire to learn than the children of the Ghetto; and in our public libraries they are much in evidence as the most earnest and industrious and intelligent of readers.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EZRA POUND AND "POETRY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Our national aphorism, "Some things can be done as well as others," may be, as Mr. John A. Hobson has pointed out, a great asset in material affairs, but when it is acted upon in matters of art its value grows doubtful. We have dramatic enthusiasts ignorant of the art of acting, amateur stage managers unable to manage, compilers of verse without judgment, editors who have never before edited, all seeking to uplift masses eager to learn, yet all placing stumbling-blocks, through their own lack of standards, in the way of those earnestly aspiring to the heights.

Though no one can quarrel with literature in its highest form, nor with any periodical devoted to such a cause, one must regret that "Poetry" is being turned into a thing for laughter. No one need offer any particular criticism of the earlier work of Mr. Ezra Pound; it is as he prefers it. But with the practical identification of "Poetry" and Mr. Pound one may pick a very pretty quarrel, since it involves not only a lowering of standards, but a defense of the thesis, unusual in "A Magazine of Verse," that poor prose must be good poetry. Take this from the April number:

"O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth, a lot of asses praise you because we are 'virile,' we, you, I! We are 'Red Bloods'! Imagine it, my fellow sufferers—our male-

ness lifts us out of the rack. Who'd have foreseen it? O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the trees, we were in especial bored with male stupidity. We went forth gathering delicate thoughts, our '*fantastikon*' delighted to serve us. We were not exasperated with women, for the female is ductile. And now you hear what is said to us: We are compared to that sort of person who wanders about announcing his sex as if he had just discovered it. Let us leave this matter, my songs, and return to that which concerns us."

Is this anything but prose? and dull prose? Is it interesting, except to psychopathologists and students of barbaric survivals in the twentieth century? Does it reveal a personality, or hint at work one would like to know better? "But," some of Mr. Pound's admirers have answered, "it has subtle rhythm." To which the obvious reply is that English poetry has no subtle rhythm, nor can it have until its ietus, the strongest and most insistent in the history of speech, becomes subtle. The technical problem of English verse is largely the variance of rhythm, but the variances, again, are seldom subtle. The subtler rhythms in English literature are in its prose; and, it may be added, if subtlety implies difficulty of immediate discernment, the worse the prose the more subtle its rhythm.

Take an instance from another source:

"When Narcissus died,
The pool of his pleasure changed
From a cup of sweet waters
Into a cup of salt tears,
And the Oreads came weeping
Through the woodland
That they might sing to the pool
And give it comfort.

"And when they saw that the pool had changed
From a cup of sweet waters
Into a cup of salt tears,
They loosened the green tresses of their hair,
And cried to the pool,
And said:

"We do not wonder that you should mourn
In this manner for Narcissus,
So beautiful was he."

"But was Narcissus beautiful?"
Said the pool.

"Who should know better than you?"

Answered the Oreads.
'Us did he ever pass by,
But you he sought for,
And would lie down on your banks
And look down at you,
And in the mirror of your waters
He would mirror his own beauty.'

"And the pool answered:
'But I loved Narcissus
Because as he lay on my banks
And looked down at me,
In the mirror of his eyes
I saw my own beauty
Mirrored.'"

This is not an unusually beautiful example of *vers libre*. On the contrary, it is Oscar Wilde's "The Disciple," which its author called a "poem in prose." And it is prose—poetic prose assuredly, but prose. Wilde did not write it as it is written here, in what might be called Jerked English, any more than Mr. Pound wrote the previous specimen with the lines run together. Wilde knew his to be prose and wrote it accordingly; Mr. Pound believed his to be poetry and so wrote it. Certainly "The Disciple" is the more poetic of the two.

But whether a given literary composition is poetry or not, does not depend upon the manner in which the

type is arranged on the printed page. If this were so, the printer would be the poet, not the writer. When Mr. Pound's various examples of what he considers poetry are printed as prose, they are prose. In contrast with Wilde's in any form, they are prosy prose.

Mr. Pound's admirers insist, however, upon the essential originality of his recent writings, and say that in destroying the conventions of rhyme and rhythm he is expanding the province of poetry. It is possible that, following the manner of Whitman, he is aiding in the fixation of a third form of literary expression, prose in form, poetic in content. But surely, after Macpherson and Whitman, that is no claim to originality.

One of Mr. Pound's defenders has said in words what "Poetry" has been teaching by implication, that "formal rhythm is not necessary to poetry." Such a statement involves complete confusion between two significations of the word poetry. We speak with propriety of a sermon, an essay, an oration, a novel, a prose drama, indeed of any work of art, as "poetic," meaning thereby that it arouses in us emotions similar to those excited by poetry.

But poetry, like every other Art or art, is concerned with form as well as substance. It is the metrical arrangement of words to express beauty, Poe's "Music plus Idea," and formal rhythm is as essential to it as to its sisters by birth, Music and the Dance. To deny that is to deny poetry, alone among the Arts and arts, the possession of a technic, reducing it forthwith below the level of literary prose, which unquestionably has technic; it will be recalled that Walter Pater refused through life to write poetry because it confused this. And it is to deny the technic of ascertained metre unchallenged through thirty centuries. In this sense alone Mr. Pound's work is original.

The attitude of "Poetry" toward poetry is that of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy toward Medical Science. Yet, if poetry have no technic and, left formless thereby, is at one with illiterary prose, why devote a magazine to it? Every newspaper, programme, advertisement contains similar English — and English quite without false pretence. As has been pointed out, technic *qua* technic possesses charm for the cultivated mind. It is hardly too much to say that nothing technical has survived in any Art. Reduced to its simplest terms technic is knowing how — the experience of the ages manifesting itself in practice. Moreover, within the canons of the art there is perfect freedom; without, the baldest enslavement to every passing fad and fancy — as here.

Remember that youth essaying his first poetic flights draws strength for his wings largely from the greater poets who precede him and leave him heir to their powers. Every beginner imitates, and one familiar with his predecessors has little trouble in naming the sources from which he chooses his forms of expression, if not his thoughts. It is not until he has outgrown this period of unconscious assimilation and attained his own manner that he is worthy the name of poet. For, as Mr. Pound has observed, "Any donkey can imitate a man's manner."

In the April number of "Poetry" there are a dozen examples of Mr. Pound's work. Much the larger part of them are prose, like the one cited. The origins of all are evident. Whitman at his prosiest accounts for much, and in one Mr. Pound insists that he and the older bard have one sap and one root. There are touches here and there of MM. Maeterlinck and Albert

Mockel, and something of Mr. W. B. Yeats. Nor should Stephen Crane be forgotten. The last instance is Japanese in content, though without the beautiful definition of the Japanese form. In other words, Mr. Pound's lines are derivations, experiments in the manner of a novice, searchings after individual expression without attainment. His roots are far back in the traditional past, inevitably.

If one searches for originality of thought, it is not here. Whitman had something to say and said it; Mr. Pound is still occupied with youthful Bohemianism and impudence. His intense egoism, too intense to carry self-confidence with it, is apparent. The power of self-criticism implied in a sense of humor is lacking. A care for syntax has gone the way of other traditions. One of his efforts has the ring of Mr. Roosevelt before a vice commission. Feeling for words and for form is slight. Imagination is in abeyance. The Song of Solomon fathers the most poetic of his work in style and substance. Thought is everywhere tenuous and capable of compression in statement, and the philosophy is uncertain. Some of the lines seem written for indecency's sake, which is more than those contending for "art for art's sake" ask for. Most objectionable is the familiar attitude of the charlatan, announcing that his is the only cure, and that those disagreeing with him are the real quacks.

But Mr. Pound may be left to the court of appeal the years will hale him before, if he survive. Many young men write verses, or wish to, and are impatient at the restraints which lack of technic imposes. If one of them lives to attain full poethood, the verses of his artistic adolescence meet with one of three fates: they are suppressed, they are completely rewritten, or they appear in his published works as *juvenilia* — itself an apology for their survival.

The case is different with the magazine which has chosen to employ and exploit this young man. It has been able to do this consistently only by a supercilious dismissal of the great tradition of English poetry, using "traditional" as a term of contempt. And there is so much for it to do by a maintenance of the standards. We have seen the tradition expanded by men dead only yesterday, — Swinburne and William Vaughn Moody. Mr. Yeats has enlarged its boundaries by a little. The modern social feeling, the growing solidarity of women, the wonders of science are clamoring for poetic expression. Though there be no great poets among us, John Churton Collins has pointed out that from their lesser brethren "it is in some respects but a step to the work of the great poets of the next age." The editors of the usual magazines have their own standards, and many of the singers of the day know their best work to be at variance with these standards. It was hoped that "Poetry" would search out these poets and such poems, many of them of much significance and beauty.

So far there has been little done in these directions. The quest has seemingly been for the bizarre, for the astonishing, for the novelty for novelty's sake, even for the shocking. The paper of the magazine has been poor, the type that of the newspapers, the cover and form inadequate to the dignity of the cause, the proof-reading heedless. The editor too seldom allows a number to go out without containing her own verses, though these show a steady retrogression from a once high standard. Her own sense of self-criticism in abeyance, Mr. Pound was bound to occur.

WALLACE RICE.

Chicago, April 22, 1913.

The New Books.

MR. JAMES'S MEMORIES OF BOYHOOD.*

As a work of art, which from its very authorship it could not fail to be, Mr. Henry James's latest book, "A Small Boy and Others," might be said to belong to the Impressionist school, with perhaps here and there, in the extraordinary elaboration of certain minor details, suggestions of Pre-Raphaelitism. Whether any touches of later schools, of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, are to be discerned in its pages—this question it might be unwise to answer too emphatically either in the affirmative or in the negative. At any rate, the work is a piece of exquisite artistry, with all the characteristics of its author's style raised to their highest power.

Impressions of childhood, veiled more or less darkly by the intervening years, form the substance (though that is too strong a term to apply to things so nebulous in their general outlines) of Mr. James's twenty-nine autobiographic chapters. Starting avowedly with the purpose "to place together some particulars of the early life of William James and present him in his setting, his immediate native and domestic air, so that any future gathered memorials of him might become the more intelligible and interesting," the writer soon found his own boyish figure so unavoidably present in the forefront of all those childhood scenes of half a century and more ago, that he gave over the attempt to restrict his reminiscient narrative to its first-chosen subject, considering it a sort of "cold impiety" to suppress even his own part in the juvenile drama now rendered sacred by the death of its senior performer. But anything like close companionship with that older brother seems to have been rendered impossible by the immense gap of sixteen months' difference in age; so that the younger "never for all the time of childhood and youth in the least caught up with him or overtook him."

"He was always round the corner and out of sight, coming back into view but at his hours of extremest ease. We were never in the same schoolroom, in the same game, scarce even in step together or in the same phase at the same time; when our phases overlapped, that is, it was only for a moment—he was clean out before I had got well in. How far he had really at any moment dashed forward it is not for me now to attempt to say; what comes to me is that I at least hung inveterately and woefully back, and that this relation alike

to our interests and to each other seemed proper and preappointed."

Pathetic and comical is the picture later presented of the smaller boy offering his company when it was not desired, and of the larger "putting the question of our difference at rest, with the minimum of explanation, by the responsible remark: 'I play with boys who curse and swear!'" The rebuffed one had sadly to recognize that *he* did n't, that he could n't pretend to have come to that yet. Not unnaturally, he wonders now, hardly less than he wondered then, in just what company his brother's privilege of profanity was exercised; and he continues, in delightfully self-revealing vein:

"It was n't that I might n't have been drawn to the boys in question, but that I simply was n't qualified. All boys, I rather found, were difficult to play with—unless it was that they rather found *me*; but who would have been so difficult as these? They account but little, moreover, I make out, for W. J.'s eclipses; so that I take refuge easily enough in the memory of my own pursuits, absorbing enough at times to have excluded other views."

It is, then, with his own pursuits, his own memories and impressions, that Mr. James chiefly concerns himself in his chapters; and with a few more glimpses of his boyhood world, as seen through his eyes, this review will have executed its pleasant task of introducing the book to the reader.

Early in the volume the origin of its author's partiality for England and things English is ingeniously and at some length traced. The parents had visited London with their two infant children, and there inoculated them with the virus, or dosed them with the "poison," as the writer himself calls it, which rendered the younger boy, at least, thenceforward unresponsive to the call of patriotism. Moreover, a maternal aunt, member at one time of the James family circle, "had imbibed betimes in Europe the seeds of a long nostalgia," and her memories, "through some bright household habit, overflowed at the breakfast table"—this breakfast table, by the way, having its place alternately in New York, Albany, Fort Hamilton, and New Brighton. It was home talk of this sort that created and strengthened the belief that "English life" was the superlatively desirable life; and furthermore,—

"My father had subscribed for me to a small periodical of quarto form, covered in yellow and entitled *The Charm*, which shed on the question the softest lustre, but of which the appearances were sadly intermittent, or then struck me as being; inasmuch as many of our visits to the Bookstore were to ask for the new number—only to learn with painful frequency that the last con-

* A SMALL BOY AND OTHERS. By Henry James. With portrait. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

signment from London had arrived without it. I feel again the pang of that disappointment — as if through the want of what I needed most for going on; the English smell was exhaled by *The Charm* in a peculiar degree, and I see myself affected by the failure as by that of a vital tonic. It was not, at the same time, by a *Charm* the more or the less that my salvation was to be, as it were, worked out, or my imagination at any rate duly convinced; conviction was the result of the very air of home, so far as I most consciously imbibed it. This represented, no doubt, a failure to read into matters close at hand all the interest they were capable of yielding; but I had taken the twist, had sipped the poison, as I say, and was to feel it to that end the most salutary cup."

A migratory hotel life at home, varied with occasional sojourns abroad, brought the observant and reflective lad into some sort of personal though quite distant and bashful contact with an occasional person of note, the recollection of whom heightens the charm of his narrative. From these recollections let us quote first a passage relating to certain vaguely-remembered school days at the "*Institution Vergnès*," in lower Broadway.

"To a 'French school' must have been earnestly imputed the virtue of keeping us in patience till easier days should come; infinitely touching our parents' view of that New York fetish of our young time, an 'acquisition of the languages' — an acquisition reinforcing those opportunities which we enjoyed at home, so far as they mustered, and at which I have briefly glanced. Charming and amusing to me indeed certain faint echoes, wavering images, of this superstition as it played about our path: ladies and gentlemen, dimly foreign, mere broken syllables of whose names come back to me, attending there to converse in tongues and then giving way to others through failures of persistence — whether in pupils or preceptors I know not. There hovers even Count Adam Gurowski, Polish, patriotic, exiled, temporarily famous, with the vision of his being invoked for facility and then relinquished for difficulty; though I scarce guess on which of his battle-grounds — he was so polyglot that he even had a rich command of New Yorkese."

Recalling his juvenile impressions of current politics, the author says:

"The field was strictly covered, to my young eyes, I make out, by three classes, the busy, the tipsy, and Daniel Webster. This last great man must have represented for us a class in himself; as if to be 'political' was just to be Daniel Webster in his proper person and with room left over for nobody else. That he should have filled the sky of public life from pole to pole, even to a childish consciousness not formed in New England, and for which that strenuous section was but a name in the geography-book, is probably indeed a sign of how large, in the general air, he comparatively loomed. The public scene was otherwise a blank to our young vision, I discern, till, later on, in Paris, I saw — for at that unimproved period we of the unfledged did n't suppose ourselves to 'meet' — Charles Sumner."

Boyish memories of famous English artists

and actors, as seen in their several performances, on canvas and behind the foot-lights, fill one enjoyable chapter, in which the author blushes to acknowledge that "the grand manner, the heroic and the classic, in Haydon, came home to us more warmly and more humanly than in the masters commended as 'old,' who, at the National Gallery, seemed to meet us so little half-way, to hold out the hand of fellowship or suggest something that *we* could do, or could at least want to." From memories of the London stage at that time, the following is of interest:

"Our enjoyment of Charles Kean's presentation of Henry the Eighth figures to me as a momentous date in our lives: we did nothing for weeks afterwards but try to reproduce in water-colours Queen Katherine's dream-vision of the beckoning, consoling angels, a radiant group let down from the skies by machinery then thought marvellous — when indeed we were not parading across our schoolroom stage as the portentous Cardinal and impressively alternating his last speech to Cromwell with Buckingham's, that is with Mr. Ryder's, address on the way to the scaffold. . . . I was to have my impression of Charles Kean renewed later on — ten years later, in America — without a rag of scenic reinforcement; when I was struck with the fact that no actor so little graced by nature probably ever went so far toward repairing it by a kind of cold rage of endeavour."

We get a passing glimpse of Thackeray, who, the author says, "struck me, in the sunny light of the animated room, as enormously big and who, though he laid on my shoulder the hand of benevolence, bent on my native costume the spectacles of wonder." The "native costume," of which the wonder-exciting portion consisted of a short and tight brass-buttoned jacket, is shown in the frontispiece portrait of the small Henry standing with one hand resting on the shoulder of his father, who is seated. General Winfield Scott is another whose personal appearance photographed itself in heroic proportions on the young memory and imagination. "We must have been for some moments face to face," he says, recalling a walk in Fifth Avenue with his father, when the veteran soldier emerged from a cross street, "while from under the vast amplitude of a dark-blue military cloak with a big velvet collar and loosened silver clasp, which spread about him like a symbol of the tented field, he greeted my parent — so clear is my sense of the time it took me to gape *all* the way up to where he towered aloft."

Little, indeed, do we see of the boy William James in all these vivid and engrossing pictures of the past; and this is to be regretted. But there is hope that fuller memorials of him will appear in the collection of his letters to be pub-

lished later. The "small boy," however, who serves as the central figure of the book, is sketched before our eyes in such strokes as it is a marvel and, to lovers of Mr. Henry James's books, a delight to follow. The whole is executed in that master's most unmistakable manner; and even the less ardent admirers of his style cannot but feel the charm of the book as soon as they get fairly into the swing of its peculiar mode and method. It is a remarkable piece of autobiographic writing.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

A DELIVERANCE ON THE DRAMA.*

Can we by taking thought add a cubit to our stature? Can the winds by lashing the waves raise the average level of the ocean a single inch? But at least by effort and exercise we can keep ourselves supple and undiminished, and the agitations of the sea prevent it from stagnating. In this view all the recent discussion of the things of the theatre, the formation of drama leagues, the production of plays by small repertory companies and at half private theatres may work for good.

There are two factors needed for the production of a powerful and significant drama. The first is the appearance of a great dramatist or group of dramatists. These are far more rare than great comets. Hardly more than a score all told can be numbered in the history of the world. The second factor is the rage or mania for dramatic representation sweeping through the general mind. This is similar in its quality and action to other great instincts or possessions which at different times have seized upon the world—the instinct for building cathedrals, for picture painting, for music, or for novel writing and reading. When the two elements in the case come together, we get a drama which is worth while. When they do not cohere, literary creators who are potentially great dramatists, Scott and Dickens for example, turn to other forms of their art. Or the people at large cease to crave the profound and powerful moments of the drama and use the theatre merely as a means of amusement. Perhaps by much talking to, the people may be headed off and compelled to take an interest in serious dramatic work, if only as a fashion, but creative power

cannot be so compassed. We may call up spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?

Few contemporaries have a better right to speak about the possibilities of reviving the drama than Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished English playwright, whose "Foundations of a National Drama" is recently published. It is a collection of essays, addresses, and letters relating to the modern theatre and its productions. As the book is so miscellaneous in form we cannot do better than give Mr. Jones's general summary of what he is arguing for, the things really needed by drama and stage.

"1. To distinguish and separate our drama from popular amusement.

"2. To found a national or repertory theatre where high and severe literary and artistic standards may be set.

"3. To insure that a dramatist shall be recognized and rewarded when and in so far as he has painted life and character and not according to his ability to tickle and bemuse the populace.

"4. To bring our acting drama into living relation with English literature: to win from critical opinion the avowal that the drama is the most live, the most subtle, the most difficult form of literature: to bring about a general habit of reading plays such as prevails in France.

"5. To inform our drama with a broad, sane, and profound morality; a morality equally apart from that practised amongst wax dolls and from that which allows the present sniggering, veiled indecencies of popular farce and musical comedy.

"6. To give our players a wide and varied training in their art.

"7. To break down as far as possible the system of long runs.

"8. To distinguish between the play that has failed because it has been inadequately interpreted and one that has failed on its own demerits.

"9. To bring the drama in relation to other arts: to establish it as a fine art."

Three of the points in this list seem to us of supreme importance: to get people to distinguish between real drama and "anything to amuse"; to get them to accept plays as literature and to read them; and the question of morality. There is another point which Mr. Jones does not include in his summary, though he treats of it elsewhere in the book, and that is the issue between the playwright and the player, the struggle as to which is to dominate the theatre. Two nations, France and England, have adopted absolutely opposite methods in this matter. In France the play has always been the first consideration; in England and America, the actor or actress. The result is plain enough, one would think. In France there has been a living and interesting drama for three centuries. The very best French men of letters have practiced as playwrights. In England there have only

*THE FOUNDATIONS OF A NATIONAL DRAMA. A Collection of Lectures, Essays, and Speeches, Delivered and Written in the Years 1896-1912. (Revised and Corrected, with Additions.) By Henry Arthur Jones. With portrait. New York: George H. Doran Co.

been sporadic specimens of brilliant drama, and the great writers have written poetic plays for the study.

Amusement is a necessity of the human mind, and Mr. Jones admits that people will not pay to be bored. "Legs and tomfoolery," he says, are necessary on the stage. The trouble which the serious playwright has to confront is this,—his work has to bring in a large amount of money at once or it cannot appear. His rivals in other serious kinds of literature may be able to wait; he cannot. He must succeed now, if at all. How many copies of the works of Darwin, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Wordsworth, Shelley, or Keats were sold in the lifetime of those writers? If any one of them had been compelled to get a return of from five to ten thousand dollars the first week one of their books was published, the book would never have been published at all. There are apparently only two ways in which the problem can be solved for the serious dramatist. He may throw enough amusement into his work to carry its profundity, or else national, patriotic, or religious forces may come to his aid and establish theatres of a high standard.

The question of bringing the drama into relation with literature is a question of getting people to read plays. Once a published play sells even a reasonable edition it will not be ignored. Why the habit of reading plays ever went out is a curious matter to consider. As late as the days of Goldsmith and Sheridan, a playwright after a successful first night could be sure of a large fee from a publisher for his work. And even a later generation, that of Lamb, Hazlitt, and Hunt, habitually read and discussed recent dramatic productions. It was the novel which eclipsed the play, as it did the poem. The last two forms of literature require some intellectual effort from the reader. In the novel everything is done for him,—it is, one may say, predigested food. A good play, which is only one-fifth as long as the average novel, may contain as much mental nutrition,—hence intellectual dyspepsia to those unaccustomed to such strong food. But as our great desire to-day is to save time, as the short story has largely displaced the long novel, the very brevity of the play ought to recommend it to readers.

The greatest stumbling-block in the path of the drama, however, is the question of morality. The best way to meet it, is to ask how it is possible to frame a story of any kind without some threatened or actual fracture of a good law, custom, or habit of mankind. You can as

little have an action without sin as a man without a shadow. Even Sunday-school tales have to project vices such as pride, gluttony, selfishness, and so forth. Even our tea-cup American novelists have to deal with infractions of social usage and taste. Mr. Howells in his charming "Lady of the Aroostook" makes an awful tragedy out of a young girl crossing the ocean unchaperoned, though in the care of an elderly sea captain. If we are to have a drama at all we must let it deal with life in all its height, depth, and breadth. Possibly human beings would be better without any such knowledge of life, but to attain a really satisfactory state of ignorance and innocence we should have to abolish Bibles, books, newspapers, conversations, law proceedings, in fact the whole organization of the world. English and American theatre-goers are still in the stage of a country audience which identifies the man who plays the villain with his part and proceeds to throw bad eggs at him. There was an instance of this kind in the early career of Henry Irving. He was inclined towards the gruesome, and what with playing "The Bells" and reciting "The Dream of Eugene Aram" he got on the nerves of some of the London critics, who suggested that an actor with such a penchant for murder must be himself a doubtful character. Irving brought suit against the worst of his libellers and received substantial damages. We do not say that the dramatist who deals with the most extreme exhibitions of passion, vice, sin, and criminality does so primarily with the idea of saving the souls of his auditors. He deals with them because in them reside the most tremendous effects of human nature, and every dramatic instinct in him responds to their appeal. But in all probability they do much to save souls, as thunderstorms clear the air, as the spectacle of the drunken Helot frightened the Spartan youth into virtue.

Mr. Jones's book is rich in suggestive themes, and it is impossible to touch on all of them. Here and there we think he betrays a bias. For instance, he is pretty hard on the English dramatic writers preceding his own era. Now we are inclined to think that, admitting all charges of fustian and staginess, such productions as "Virginius," "The Hunchback," "Richeu," "Money," "The Lady of Lyons," "Caste," "Home," and "Our Boys" are good plays. They have an essential humanity in them, and certainly the breath of theatrical life. They have kept the boards down to a very recent date, and we think it is doubtful whether Mr.

Jones's generation of playwrights will furnish as many successes for posterity. Another insistence of Mr. Jones's is his demand that playwrights shall be thoroughly trained in the technique of their art. What technique? Greek, Shakespearean, Sheridanian, Sardouesque; the training of the Lyceum, the music halls, or the transpontine drama? Apparently anything in monologue or dialogue can be put upon the stage and can succeed. It is probably well to have some connected story, but nobody has ever yet solved the mystery of the plot of "The Black Crook." It is probably advisable not to split your play into innumerable scenes,—but "Peer Gynt" has been presented with success. It is probably the right thing to tell your story by means of action rather than of narrative, but the great effects of the Greek theatre were got by narrative. There is absolutely no rule which a great dramatist cannot violate, and which an audience will not ignore if it pleases them to do so. Many brilliant dramatic writers have won their first successes when they were too young to know what training was. Congreve, aged twenty-one, goes up to London with "The Old Bachelor" and makes a hit. Sheridan, at about the same age, goes up to London with "The Rivals" and wins instant fame. Boucicault, still younger, goes up to London with "London Assurance" and it is the one permanent production of his life. Here, as in all arts, the intangible unexpected thing called genius is all in all.

Mr. Jones's style is sometimes, especially in the addresses delivered to University audiences, a little stilted and extra-literary. When he lets himself go, however, he can be brilliant. He does let himself go most of all in the letters on the Censorship muddle, where he is not only thoroughly sound but very amusing. That is a complication, by the way, which we do not have to deal with in America,—though we believe the Mayors of some of our cities have assumed censorial functions.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

MAN AS A MACHINE.*

It was inevitable that the general acceptance of the doctrine of evolution should affect our ideas concerning the causes and nature of behavior. To the question, why do I do this or that, it is no longer sufficient to give a simple

answer. Had the verses about Mary and the lamb been written in these latter days, we should have been obliged to refer to the well-known gregarious tendencies of the Ovidæ, and a number of other matters, to explain why the lamb loved Mary so. Dr. Parmelee, having in mind the unity of the whole evolutionary process, begins his book with the proposition that "psychical and social phenomena should be reduced as far as possible to biological terms, just as vital phenomena should be reduced as far as possible to chemical and physical terms." He therefore discusses the physico-chemical basis of behavior in general, and then the anatomical and physiological basis, following the matter up through the different groups of animals, only reaching man at the latter end of the book. We are thus led to see in human behavior a complex and special type of that organic response to stimuli which has been observed all along the line, from the protozoan up; but which has from time to time entered upon phases distinct enough to require separate classification. We also see that this evolution has been conditioned by the evolution of bodily structures, and in particular of the nervous system. It follows from all this that the sociologist or psychologist cannot afford to consider man alone, since so much of what he must observe and describe has its roots in the distant past, long prior to the appearance of our species in the world.

It must be admitted, then, that Dr. Parmelee is entirely right in urging that biology and comparative psychology are necessary for the correct understanding of human behavior, and is to be commended for the attempt to supply, in a clearly written and not too voluminous work, the more essential data for this purpose. On the other hand it seems to me that the book as a whole may be justly criticised, not so much for its own peculiar faults, as for the pedagogical spirit which it represents. The author seems to confuse classification with explanation. In classifying animals, it is useful and necessary to note that eagles and chickens alike are birds, and dwell upon the common characteristics which make them so; it is essential to observe that birds, reptiles, and fishes alike are vertebrates, and so on; but the true zoologist never forgets that these great categories are merely, as it were, the bindings of the great books of nature, the pages of which are so numerous and so diversely illustrated. It is necessary to be synthetic, but the tendency may go so far as to be vicious. This we see in our everyday affairs, where so much harm arises from our off-hand

*THE SCIENCE OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR. Biological and Psychological Foundations. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Co.

classification of people as good and bad, honest and dishonest, stupid and clever, and so forth. What we need so much in practical life is the ability to see in each other, not examples of classes, but rather special and unique personalities, each to be treated on its own peculiar merits. In doing this we are indeed synthetic, in that we find a single personality in the multiple phenomena afforded by the individual, but this is naive or intuitive synthesisism, not that of the comparative psychologist or anatomist.

Evolution has been so enormously complex, that were we in possession of all the data we could not comprehend them. On the other hand, the fundamental principles of biology, which give us a broad understanding of evolutionary processes, are relatively simple; so simple, in fact, that no reasonably competent person should grow up without some knowledge of them. Teaching directed to this end ought to be wholly beneficial, but I believe that it is so only when care is taken not to implant in the minds of young people the thoroughly vicious idea that everything in man and nature is "explained" by a few simple rules. Artificial, bogus simplification is perhaps the dominant error of modern science, as taught in the schools. It represents a necessary tendency carried much too far, and perhaps as a corrective to this we may find it desirable to introduce detailed taxonomic studies, which will at any rate bring the student into contact with the "number of things" of which this world is so full.

As an extreme example of the condition of mind possible to a "reducer" of biological phenomena, we may take Professor Parmelee's treatment of consciousness. In the following quotations I have italicized the significant words:

"For the reasons given above, we are justified in believing that consciousness is *objective if it exists at all*, and that consequently it is possible to study it scientifically. What, then, is consciousness as an objective phenomenon, *if it exists at all*? I have already suggested that it may be a *form of behavior*" (pp. 313-314).

"We have seen that we have no *tangible evidence of such a thing as consciousness*" (p. 319).

The reader will have difficulty in believing that this is anything but a burlesque on a certain school of modern psychologists and physiologists!

The discussion of the theories of evolution, occupying the greater part of two chapters, seems rather inadequate and superficial, and raises the question whether the topics included under this head should not be treated in every case by a biologist. The easy way in which difficulties are smoothed over is shown by the

following: "As we have already seen, the generating of the primordial protoplasm, similar to crystallization, takes place in large part as a result of the molecular forces inherent in the elements which constitute organic matter." What will the student gather from this? Literally, it is so meaningless that it is difficult to say whether it is accurate; but it quite leaves out of account the fact that we know actually nothing of the genesis of the primordial protoplasm, and that the occurrence, whether explained by "molecular forces" or otherwise, was perhaps the most tremendous event in the history of the world.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

THE WRITERS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC PERIOD.*

In referring to "the modern vice of reviewing a book without giving a clear image of its contents," Professor Elton, of the University of Liverpool, unintentionally sets up a standard that may well appal the reviewer of his two recent volumes. They contain together a total of 830 pages, and the number of words to the page is from four to five hundred. The author's purpose is thus stated in his Preface:

"This work has been termed a survey and not a history, though it contains matter for the historian, and his point of view has been kept in mind throughout in the arrangement of the theme. But the historical aspect is meant to be subordinate; and the book is really a review, a direct criticism, of everything I can find in the literature of fifty years that speaks to me with any sound of living voice. As the motto on the title-page may indicate, it is a series of judgments upon works of art. I do not know what literature is unless it is an art. Life and ideas, society and manners, politics and affairs, must always be studied in order to understand that art and to judge of its productions. But on each of these productions our last word must be an answer to the questions, Is it well done? Does it last? What is it to me? Even the further question, How does it arise? is less ultimate and imperative. It is of course equally right and needful to study literature for the light which it may cast upon other things—upon thought or ethics or national character; but that is a different enterprise, not to be confounded with the present one, although the material may often be the same in the two cases."

Though he confines himself to a survey, and stresses letters rather than thought, Professor Elton is right in saying that his work contains matter for the historian. To be sure he excludes formal treatment, not only of contemporary life, but of other interesting topics of scholarship.

* A SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, 1780-1830. By Oliver Elton. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

such as the mental relationships with Germany, and the indebtedness of romanticism to antiquity. He even resists the temptation to follow the side-trails that lead from individual men, such as the discrepancies between Wordsworth's theory of education and that of Rousseau, and Coleridge's "plagiarisms" from Schelling and A. W. Schlegel. But he fully understands that "in this second English Renaissance, . . . as in the first, there is not only a great and successful flowering of creative art; . . . many of the seeds are brought from other lands, or else are handed down alive, after a long residence in darkness, from the ancient world." And though he may not consider these cognate and germinating forces *en masse*, he shows their main bearings in his treatment of the several authors. "The Prelude," for example, is connected not only with the secular confession which sprang from the desire to expose one's self, but also with the Puritanic or Protestant mania, which reveals itself in Bunyan and even the more restrained Milton, for recording the history of the soul "for the good of the world." In fact, there is nothing in the survey more praiseworthy than its absence of the provincial note, its easy readiness in linking the romantic writers with kindred or contrasting spirits of other races or times. Yet it is mainly concerned in making us see them as literary artists. It is little hampered by the furious squabble between "classic" and "romantic," and is faithful to the motto from Hazlitt: "I have endeavored to feel what is good, and to give a reason for the faith that was in me, when necessary, and when in my power."

That Professor Elton admits, though "with some hesitation," summaries and studies of tendency, may be seen from such of his chapter titles as "The End of the Classical Verse: Crabbe," "The Novel of Manners and Jane Austen," "Prose of Doctrine: Scottish Philosophy, and Burke," "The Official Reviewers," "Historians and Other Prose Writers." It may be seen especially in the initial and the closing chapter. Here forty pages are consumed in sketching the background and tracing the chief characteristics of the period. Because of the very generalizations which Professor Elton elsewhere tries to avoid, and because of the statement of his conception of the age as a whole, these chapters claim our attention. The romantic age is found to inherit three mental features from the period 1700-1780: (1) the impulse of criticism, . . . "a thorough, hostile scrutiny of received opinions in metaphysical, moral, and social science, and in art"; (2) the use of learn-

ing and science for reconstructive effort; and (3) the growing tendency of "the shaping spirit of imagination" to recover its higher uses. The last of these qualities dominates the new age.

"Poetry is in the ascendant, and nearly all the best prose is creative, and is doing the work of poetry. The imagination is working freely, and not, as it must in history or sociology, under the restrictions of fact. . . . This reunion of poetry and prose under the rule of the free imagination is the great mark of our literature from 1780 to 1830."

And the ultimate secret of this changed imagination is "the convalescence of the feeling for beauty." This manifests itself in three ways.

"First of all, the senses of the artist are regenerated; this is at the bottom of everything. Secondly, his renewed perceptions of the face of living nature are attended by a vision of humanity, a new passion and humor, the expression of which is brought under the law of beauty. Thirdly, this new knowledge and self-knowledge are read in the light of new ideas; philosophical conceptions and visions invade literary art, and are brought under its law."

But before these new senses, new sympathies and passions, and new ideas could be brought under æsthetic restraint, the central problem of the new literature had to be solved—the problem of diction. To be adequate, the language of the age had to be sensuous and concrete; it had, on some occasions, to regain its fitness for the lofty and heroic style; and it had, at the other extreme, to press plainness to the lowest poetic limit. In spite of mistakes, all three of these necessary ends were attained.

Nevertheless it is the study of individual writers upon which Professor Elton throws the emphasis. To "give a clear image" of the substance of each separate study is out of the question. The substitution of an inquiry into general methods and values is imperative. We shall restrict ourselves to three things—the author's style, the scope of his investigations, and the rightness of his conclusions.

The style is clear, flexible, pleasing. It meets the exactions of long journeyman service. It rarely draws attention to itself, and is satisfied to reflect ideas. Aptness of phrase is not lacking: "everywhere in Lockhart we have the sense of something bigger than his set"; Sydney Smith's "usual tone is that of a man exposing stupidity to the stupid"; the "Annals of the Parish" has the effect "of a piece of history seen through near-sighted eyes"; and some of Scott's songs swing along "with a galloping, *abducting* kind of tune, like 'Young Loch-invar.'" Yet this aptness is at the farthest possible remove from affectation. The power to condense—as much a habit of mind as of

language—is revealed again and again. Cowper, we hear, “was inspired by the love of Milton and the love of simplicity, and his real feat is to have found a poetic language that reconciled these two affections.” And once more: “Of women, Landor, Scott, Wordsworth, and Shelley always write like gentlemen; while Byron, Moore, and Keats can never wholly be trusted to do so.” Another trait—likewise inseparable from the thought behind it—is the ability to make effective comparisons. Two examples must suffice. The first has to do with two sets of personages from the standpoint of the kind of conversations they engage in:

“Meredith’s make many wonderful strokes and dozens of false ones, but are so heady and high-spirited that they carry the game through and disarm criticism. Peacock, we feel, has scored out every word which he feels will not ring as sharply fifty years afterwards. Yet he does not write, like Sheridan, up to a prepared joke; he does not seem to know himself what is coming; there is the true air of *impromptu*, only no misses are allowed.”

The second is self-explanatory:

“With Milton we fly by the map, taking our bearings amidst the evenly-whirling spheres, and seeing hell and heaven at a measurable distance in a certain direction. With Keats we fly like a bee, near the ground, from one cup of honey to another, and with long alightings. But with De Quincey we are in absolute space, which has no bearings, or firm earth, or north or south; and yet it is peopled with human faces and memories and monuments—themes to fix and control the imagination, which else would stray intolerably.”

A study of all the writers of the period strikes one as a pretty large order; perhaps most readers would test its thoroughness by seeing what had been done with such minor figures as Godwin, Leigh Hunt, or the “Ettrick Shepherd.” The present reviewer makes such a touchstone of Galt. But Professor Elton does not stop with men like these; he patiently examines others yet humbler, even such as are not primarily literary at all. Numbers mean little ordinarily, but some idea of the amount of space devoted to out-of-the-way men, periodicals, and topics may not come amiss. A page is given to each of the following: William Maginn, Charles Lloyd, Crabb Robinson, and “Baron Munchausen.” Half as much again falls to Dugald Stewart and the researches in the ballad between Percy and Scott. The “Retrospective Review,” Robert Eyres Landor, and Hartley Coleridge are allotted two pages each. Scott’s narrative metres claim more than three pages, and Praed is given four. It must not be supposed, however, that the author has extended himself in a kind of printer’s ink *tour*

de force. On the contrary he has had his say, without troubling himself about the space consumed, and without either halting or hastening. When it is perceived that the discussion of every individual, whether major or minor, leaves the impression of completeness, of being everything the author thinks necessary, 830 pages seem amazingly few. The present reviewer recalls but two persons who fail to receive proper recognition: surely Lord and Lady Holland were too inextricably interwoven with the literature of the time to be ignored.

The method of studying individual men, instead of starting with hard and fast principles and commending or condemning as these are observed or violated, is justified upon two grounds. In the first place, the controversy between “classic” and “romantic”—a controversy that can never terminate in the complete victory of either—has blinded many critics to the actual achievements of the age. In the second place, “there is no orchestra in romanticism”; it gives us, rather, “many songs by no means in accord.” It is necessary that the writers be studied separately, and it is necessary that each be approached with an open mind. Balance and rightness of judgment, the power to detect the merits of the particular issue, is everything. And the importance of Professor Elton’s work rests upon the fact that he possesses this discriminating tolerance. One may not agree with each separate conclusion, but one may be certain that no conclusion is reached in a hasty or partisan way. We are reassured in the opening chapter when, after stating that there are three types of poetry in the age—that which “is content to be very good,” that “whose aim is doctrine,” and that which “would have been different if questions had not been asked or answered, but . . . are not asked or answered in the poem,”—the author declares that each type is good and that the “aim and theme [of art] may be anything that will admit of its working under the law of beauty.” It is in this spirit that he reviews the procession of figures, great and small, that march through the age. A closer examination of his method may be worth our while.

Though not disturbed by the combats of literary schools, Professor Elton acknowledges no compulsion to keep his hands off when he wishes to touch debated points. He refutes, partly by reference to Dr. Johnson, the idea that melancholy was an exclusive or necessary attribute of romanticism. He pictures the affinities with liberating forces which underlay

Jeffrey's tirades against them. And he shows the "downright and daylight genius" of the Wizard of the North by quoting a passage—Waverley alone by the unknown lake—that "unites every element in Scott's notion of romance—scenery, foreignness, literary memories of ballad or lay, the sense of danger and wonder and solitude, and, last of all, the humorous return of Scott upon his hero, or upon himself, as he comes out of his bath of romance and shakes himself, and recommences realist and Lowlander."

Moreover, he is not afraid to acknowledge the shortcomings of the romantic writers. He points them out frankly. He finds Byron's greatest weakness as an artist in his lack of the idea of saying a thing once for all. He sees the limitation involved in Scott's habit of extricating his heroes and heroines, of shrinking from the supreme subject of tragic art,—“the play of character in an inextricable position.” He realizes that in Wordsworth “the struggle is after all too simple, the circuit too narrow,” and the artistry too unsure for him to attain preëminence either as a sage or as a poet.

But along with the ability to make distinctions and to recognize faults, Professor Elton has the power to appreciate worth. Nor is this too ready to defer to conventional opinion: how many critics would dare to confess that to them personally Byron is “an inspiration and a living force”? This sympathetic understanding nowhere shows better than in the discussion of technical matters—De Quincey's prose rhythms, Wordsworth's inventions of poetic forms, the metre of “Christabel,” and the art element in Wordsworth's autobiographical poems. It shows quite as well, however, in matters where personality enters—Scott's lyric gift, the revealing nature of Lamb's and Hazlitt's criticisms, Keats's conception of the relations between beauty and truth, the extraordinary progress shown in the last works of Byron and Shelley. If Professor Elton does not startle us with novel conclusions, he opens new vistas of understanding and enjoyment, and we feel that even in his treatment of the less conspicuous writers he takes a wholesome pleasure in distilling out the soul of their goodness.

It will be seen that this “Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830,” is a notable production, indispensable to the student of one of the crowning eras of English letters. The mechanical features of the volumes are worthy of their substance. Well bound and clearly printed, they are more than usually free from the blemish

of typographical errors. They contain ample notes, mainly given to bibliographies so distributed that only the chief authorities are mentioned at first and those bearing on special topics are introduced as the need arises. They are also provided with a thoroughgoing index.

GARLAND GREEVER.

A SUCCESSOR TO BARTLETT AND DE VERE.*

The task of compiling a dictionary of Americanisms is beset with many difficulties. There is, first of all, the difficulty of deciding upon a satisfactory principle of selection,—of determining, for instance, whether slang shall be included, or negroisms, or recent importations from foreign languages. There is the further difficulty of making sure that a word, apparently restricted in its use to the United States, is not also current elsewhere. And there is always the difficulty growing out of the circumstance that our language is constantly changing, in consequence of which no such compilation can possibly be complete.

Our latest dictionary of Americanisms, “An American Glossary,” by Mr. Richard H. Thornton, of the Philadelphia bar, makes no pretensions to completeness. It modestly proclaims itself to be a dictionary of “certain Americanisms only,—those, that is, of recognized standing or of special interest”; and it anticipates harsh or unreasonable criticism on the ground of other shortcomings by confessing at the outset that it is not without faults and by inviting additions and corrections.

A comparison of this new work with Bartlett's “Dictionary of Americanisms,” the standard work on the subject for more than half a century, makes it clear at once that the earlier work records much the larger number of words. Bartlett records, by a rough estimate, about ten thousand words, whereas Mr. Thornton takes account of only about three thousand. This disparity is traceable in part to the fact already noted,—that Mr. Thornton has not attempted to make an exhaustive collection; but it is mainly due, we suspect, to the fact that Bartlett included in his dictionary a large number of words that are not properly to be reckoned as Americanisms,—words that are neither American in origin nor peculiarly American in

*AN AMERICAN GLOSSARY. Being an Attempt to Illustrate Certain Americanisms upon Historical Principles. By Richard H. Thornton. In two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

their use. Mr. John S. Farmer's dictionary, "Americanisms Old and New" (1889), exhibits the same fault. Mr. Thornton, with the aid evidently of the Century and New English dictionaries, has striven to eliminate all superfluous items. At the same time, he has succeeded (here again with the aid of these dictionaries and of the Publications of the American Dialect Society) in collecting a good many words that had been overlooked by his predecessors,—a few, indeed, which, he holds, are now registered for the first time. Some idea of the number of new items that he has collected may be derived from a comparison with Bartlett's dictionary for the letters *A*, *M*, and *W*. Under *A*, Mr. Thornton lists 49 words not recorded by Bartlett; under *M*, 91; and under *W*, 54. The total number of entries made by Bartlett under these letters is 681, of which Mr. Thornton rejects all save 108. It would thus appear that the number of new items recorded by Mr. Thornton is larger than the number brought over from Bartlett.

The chief excellence of these volumes is to be found, however, not in the number of fresh items that are recorded, nor in the omission of superfluous items, but in the abundance of the illustrative extracts. Of these there are, according to the compiler's estimate, about 14,000 in all. Such material is obviously very valuable. It will not only prove extremely helpful to those who will consult these volumes for reference purposes, but it will also be of immense service to future lexicographers.

Most of Mr. Thornton's citations are drawn from the first half of last century, the writings of John Neal, Seba Smith, R. M. Bird, Kennedy, Lowell, Longstreet, Baldwin, Hooper, and W. T. Thompson being prominent among those laid under contribution. Too few of the illustrations are, in our judgment, drawn from writers of the present generation. And the number of illustrations has not always been evenly proportioned to the importance or to the interest attaching to the words under which they are cited. Under the word *bar* ("the liquor counter in a saloon"), to mention a conspicuous example, only one illustration is given, although the term must have been in general use in this sense for a century or more; while the vulgarism *bar* (for "bear"), which is seldom heard to-day, comes in for eighteen illustrations. Similarly the phrases *back-handed*, *back taxes*, and *black eye*, all in pretty common use to-day, receive but one illustration each, from the years 1842, 1788, and 1795, respectively; while

balance (in the sense of "remainder") is given twenty-nine illustrations, *boost* eighteen illustrations, *gouge* forty illustrations, and *Yankee* a total of fifty-eight illustrations. In the case of words in common use to-day but not fully illustrated, more of comment as to their vogue would have been helpful; and all provincialisms, colloquialisms, and vulgarisms might well have been designated as such.

Fault may also be found, as was perhaps inevitable, with some of Mr. Thornton's definitions. The word *allow*, for instance, in its provincial American use, means not only "to be of the opinion that, to admit," but also (as two of the illustrations make plain) "to declare." *Backwoods* is not exactly "the forest primeval." To *bone up* is not "to bristle up," but (as Bartlett has it) "to apply one's self closely." *June bug* is not "any insect that appears in June"; it is the term applied in the North to a blundering, brownish beetle, but in the South (usually) to a green-backed beetle, which is of a quite different genus. *Nubbin*, which Mr. Thornton defines as "an imperfect or spoiled ear of corn," is more precisely "a small ear of corn." And to *shuck* corn is not "to pull it from the stalk," but "to remove it from the husks" (or *shucks*). To *skunk* an opponent is not merely "to beat him thoroughly," but "to win all the points, to *whitewash* him." A *water-haul* is not, as we know it, "a cheat, a swindle"; and it originated, we believe, not, as Mr. Thornton suggests, in a fraud practiced by certain government contractors in hauling by water while charging for "land-carriage," but in seining. The definition "lady-bird" for *lady-bug* will be ambiguous to most Americans; as will also "communicate" for *commune*. Other definitions that are unsatisfactory for one reason or another are those appearing under *ashcake*, *backing and filling* (is the phrase properly accounted an Americanism?), *chunk* (first entry), *Cumberland Presbyterian*, *dipper*, *Eastern shore*, *like all-possessed*, *phoebe*, *poke* (second entry), *rooter*, *rush* (first entry), and *stand pat*. *Clevis*, mentioned in the preface as one of a number of words that survive in America but that have not taken root, is well-known—sometimes with the pronunciation *clivis* or *clivy*—in rural districts of the South, all the way from Virginia to Texas; and three other phrases,—*dotted wood*, *hard favoured*, and *het* (for "heated"),—mentioned in the same list, are not infrequently heard to-day in some parts of the South. The same holds, also, for the phrase *let on*, in the sense of "make believe,"

which Mr. Thornton states he is not familiar with. The pronunciation *crick*, for *creek*, it may be added, is not universal in America.

It is to be regretted, finally, that Mr. Thornton did not enter more fully into matters of derivation and word-development. The phrase "on historical principles," in the sub-title of his work, would seem to imply that a good deal had been made of these matters; but although we do have an etymology here and there, the compilation is, aside from this, historical only in so far as the illustrative extracts are dated and arranged chronologically. Occasional bibliographical references—mainly from "Notes and Queries"—tend somewhat to offset this deficiency.

In his preface, Mr. Thornton ventures a new classification of Americanisms, which serves roughly to indicate the lines along which his compilation has been made. Slang—even college slang—has been largely excluded, in virtue of its ephemeral nature; and vulgarisms receive but small space. Considerable space, however, is devoted to nicknames and kindred appellations popularly assigned to notable persons and places and to political and religious movements, a class of words in which American speech would seem to be peculiarly rich. An interesting list of the books and periodicals on which the compiler has drawn for his illustrative materials is given in an appendix.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

TWO BOOKS ON THE SHORT STORY.*

The psychologists are like the armies of the French Revolution. They propose to remake the world,—if not by persuasion, then by force. A few years ago they came to the aid of the advertiser, and the effect upon the high cost of living has astonished us all. Now it is the short story. This invasion, as it is manifested in Professor Walter B. Pitkin's book, "The Art and the Business of Story Writing," is not unwelcome. To deny the importance of technique in the short story is to confess ignorance of the form; and as technique in the short story is chiefly concerned with the means of securing a certain effect, and as that effect must be made upon a reader's mind, psychology is evidently needed to explain the processes.

*THE ART AND THE BUSINESS OF STORY WRITING. By Walter B. Pitkin, Associate Professor of Philosophy in the School of Journalism of Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Co.

STUDYING THE SHORT STORY. By J. Berg Esenwein. New York: Hinds, Noble & Eldredge.

This book contains the first thorough analysis of the means by which character, setting, and plot produce the results for which the contemporary editor is most willing to exchange his check. Professor Pitkin is as dogmatic as he is vivacious; in his certainty that the effect desired can be accurately defined he allows himself unlimited prejudices against all story methods which do not conform to his conception of narrative efficiency. And yet, since no one before has tried to get to the bottom of our short-story technique, it is unjust to abuse him for a single-minded pursuance of a critical method based upon premises which, if narrow, are sound. Indeed this is a valuable book. Its analyses are keen; its comments sometimes illuminating; and it should help the writer, even when it angers him.

Nevertheless the book is narrow, and a little depressing. The writer is frank in his purpose to teach craftsmanship rather than art; and in this he does not limit his usefulness, for both artist and commercial writer must learn technique, and need good books to help them. But though one applauds the usefulness of the project, Professor Pitkin's book shares a weakness common to every work of this description which has appeared in English. He is obsessed by the *mechanics* of short-story writing. In the tumult over "effect," "thematic development," and "integration," that imaginative interpretation of life which is the *raison d'être* of fiction is but a feeble whisper, seldom heard and soon forgotten. It has no emphasis, and so assumes no importance in the whole. And thus, notwithstanding its admirable practicability, Professor Pitkin's text is an impulse towards virtuosity rather than art.

Mr. Yeats speaks of "wheels and pulleys necessary to the effect, but in themselves nothing," with an indirect reference to contemporary drama which might be aptly applied to the commercialized short story. But Mr. Yeats is an extremist, though on the side of genius rather than mediocrity. Still, good evidence of the false emphasis of Professor Pitkin's book is to be found in the impression at closing it that any trivial idea if properly handled may make a great story,—a feeling, we believe, which the author was far from wishing to inspire. And good evidence of the narrowness of his psychologically developed criticism springs to sight when one notes that, for example, Tolstoi's "Master and Man" violates some of the most cardinal principles with conspicuous success.

This book is useful, practical, and, for the

current American story, sound. Aesthetically it is narrow, and perhaps a little blind; and its emphasis is entirely upon skilful mediocrity. Skilful mediocrity is perhaps as far as one can go in *teaching* the short story; but it is an ideal only for that large and useful class who make a business, and a good one, of feeding the American imagination with stories that are not too humorous, or too subtle, or too satirical, or too intense—in short, not too good for the average among a million subscribers. For the new profession of short-story making, Mr. Pitkin's book is best adapted; and indeed if he had called it "The Business of Commercial Short Story Writing: With Suggestions for Literary Workers," we should have little to offer by way of criticism.

Mr. Esenwein's book is a brief encyclopædia of the short story, containing some well-selected examples garnished with abundant quoted criticisms, and a critical and biographical sketch for each. With this book the student of a given story has his critical apparatus at hand when he begins to read. The scheme of printing on a half-page with space for annotations and comment is ingenious and probably useful. But Mr. Esenwein's own annotations should have been pruned. They are somewhat uncritical, and occasionally irrelevant. Their position, however, like guideposts pointing to a mountain view, is undeniably effective.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A woman's journey through western China.

The meandering red line running northwest and north from Haiphong to Tachienlu, on the eastern border of Thibet, thence northeast to Chengtu, the capital of Szechuen province, and eastward, down the Yangtse River to Hangkow, whence it turns again north to Peking and thence northwest across the desert of Gobi to Verchneudinsk in Siberia,—this line across the map of eastern Asia marks the long lonely journey of an extraordinarily plucky woman. And yet Miss Elizabeth Kendall discusses her journey in "A Wayfarer in China" (Houghton) as if it were little more than the pleasure jaunt of an ordinary tourist. A teacher of history by profession and instinctively a wanderer and a student of races, Miss Kendall desired to see China as nearly as possible unaffected by treaty-port influences. She, therefore, got into western China by the most direct route, and moved north through the two great southwestern provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen. This first portion of her journey—as far as Chengtu—was the most unusual until she reached Kalgan in

the extreme north of China proper, and undertook to cross the desert of Gobi in an American buggy. The whole story of her experiences is very entertaining. The absence of dangerous adventures with the rough element of the population of western China will surprise most readers. Certain it is that no Chinese woman could travel across the United States alone and report to her Chinese readers that she had met with impolite treatment only once, and then in a mild form. Miss Kendall found her chair-bearers and baggage coolies cheerful, willing, and obliging. They extended to her many thoughtful courtesies,—plucking wild flowers for her by the wayside, insisting upon the best accommodations for her at the inns, carrying her little Scotch terrier whenever his short legs gave out. The uniform friendliness between traveller and coolies speaks as loudly for the good temper of the American woman as for the good nature of the burden-bearers. Miss Kendall has many complimentary things to say of the Chinese people, and her judgment of the work of the missionaries is decidedly favorable. One receives from her bird's-eye survey of the western Chinese at home a fresh impression of those substantial race virtues which the friends of China rely upon to insure the Republic a long and honorable career. The force of this impression is not at all lessened by the rapidity with which Miss Kendall accomplished her long journey by chair, ship, pony, and buggy; for she brought to the observation of country and people trained and mature powers, and she shows unusual self-possession, intelligence, and sympathy.

Sociological interpretations of history.

To most readers history means a record of political developments, an account that notes especially the activities and policies of rulers, cabinets, and legislatures. There are, however, a number of special types, such as literary, economic, and military history. Recently the sociologist has begun to write history from his own particular point of view, and we now also have what claims to be sociological history. Mr. J. M. Robertson, a well-known English critic, is the author of a new work entitled "The Evolution of States" (Putnam), which he offers as an illustration of the sociological type of history. Mr. Robertson's effort has been to find and discuss the great social forces that have directed and determined the careers of the more important states. These are, he believes, to a large extent economic, though he admits that racial differences and the strife of ideas have also affected the course of events. His work is, therefore, essentially an interpretation; a historian in the accepted sense of the word, Mr. Robertson cannot claim to be. He has made no study of first-hand materials: he takes the conclusions of men who have searched the sources, and from these he attempts to construct his system of interpretation. Where authorities disagree, he appears to select the opinion that appeals to him or that best suits his purpose; any effort to test the

correctness of this by documentary investigation is not apparent. The author believes that he has found a principle "which may safely be brought to bear on the study of practical politics, because it is an axiom alike of inorganic physics and of biology. . . . This is the simple principle that all energy divides ostensibly into forces of attraction and repulsion." History is, therefore, the outcome of constant grouping and constant strife,—strife between classes, between religions, and between nations. It is a dangerous procedure to apply a single principle to the entire course of history, and of this truth Mr. Robertson's "Evolution of States" provides an excellent illustration. His theory appears to fit the facts at every point, but it is a carefully selected group of facts. And back of the "principle" lie the questions: what led to the formation of the contending groups? what in each case was the fundamental cause of the strife? To these his "laws of socio-political development" do not give sufficient answers. The work, nevertheless, has its value: it shows that the author has thought deeply on social questions in their wider aspects; and his views are always interesting and often rational and plausible. A little more than one-third of the book is devoted to ancient history,—to the political, economic, and cultural forces of Greece and Rome. Another third is given to the Italian republics and the lesser European states; the remainder is devoted to English history down to the eighteenth century. Of the greater European states, Austria, France, Germany, and Russia, there is no separate discussion. Of particular interest are the author's views as to the needs of modern democracies: "To flourish they must have peace; they must sooner or later practice a scientific and humane restraint of population . . . ; they must check inequality, which is the fountain of domestic dispeace; and they must maintain a progressive and scientific culture." These conditions he finds generally wanting except, perhaps, in the Scandinavian countries, which with "continued peaceful evolution in the direction first of democratic federation and further of socialization of wealth . . . may reach and keep the front rank of civilization."

A near view of Panama and the Panamanians. Mr. Harry A. Franek has earned the reputation of "a born story-teller and a born tramp." His latest book, "Zone Policeman 88: A Close Range Study of the Panama Canal and its Workers" (Century Co.), is just such a rollicking account of new and eagerly-desired experiences as the late George Borup gave to an appreciative circle of readers in his North-Polar narrative of two years ago. One book takes us to the frigid zone, the other to the tropics; but there is in each the same remarkable command of apt and expressive slang, the same zestful welcome of every fresh experience, the same Yankee adaptability to whatever of unexpected and nerve-testing the day's work may have in store. For about six months, apparently, Mr. Franek was on the pay-roll of the Isthmian Canal Commission, first as census-

taker, then as "plain-clothes" man on the police force, thus enjoying the best of facilities for seeing things in the Zone from the inside. He remarks on an early page that "the Zone is no easy dwelling-place for the non-employee. Our worthy Uncle of the chin whiskers makes it quite plain that, while he may tolerate the mere visitor, he does not care to have him hanging around; makes it so plain, in fact, that a few weeks of sight-seeing on the Zone implies an adamant financial backing." It was his command of Spanish that first procured the author his position among the servants of our chin-whiskered Uncle, and incidentally his colloquial readiness in a number of other tongues helped him out in his varied experiences among the polyglot population of the Zone. Here is a passage humorously descriptive of his duties as a government detective: "A box billed from New York to Peru had been broken open on Balboa dock and—one bottle of cognac stolen. Unfortunately the matter was turned over to me so long after the perpetration of the dastardly crime that the possible culprits among the dock hands had wholly recovered from the probable consumption of the evidence. But I succeeded in gathering material for a splendid type-written report of all I had not been able to unearth, to file away among other priceless headquarters' archives." The book is lavishly illustrated from photographs, and both pictures and reading matter are full of entertainment and information.

Mr. Dobson's verse in a new edition.

In the first issue of THE DIAL, published exactly thirty-three years ago, there appeared from the pen of its editor an article on the poetry of Mr. Austin Dobson, occasioned by the appearance of his work in an American edition. This volume of "Vignettes in Rhyme and Other Verses," with its dedication to Dr. Holmes and its introduction by Mr. Stedman, found wide and immediate favor; but we are glad to believe that nowhere was it given more cordial welcome than in the pages of THE DIAL. A new edition, the ninth, of Mr. Dobson's "Collected Poems" (Dutton) has just reached us at this appropriate time. To the "Vignettes in Rhyme" is now added the later product of nearly a third of a century, yet the bulk of the volume is not great. Our facile versifiers of to-day often publish as much in a year or two as Mr. Dobson has produced in a lifetime,—and with a corresponding difference in quality. Of the additional group of twenty-seven pieces published for the first time in this ninth edition, none are new in the sense of having been recently written. Indeed, save for a few occasional verses, Mr. Dobson's muse has been quiescent these past five years. At three score and ten, the singing time is over, and even so mellow-hearted a poet as Mr. Dobson is

"Not ill-content to stand aside,
To yield to minstrels fitter
His singing-rob, his singing-pride,
His fancies sweet—and bitter."

But alas! what younger minstrel of to-day is capable of wearing those robes with equal grace and honor?

The ability to produce, as well as to enjoy, the simpler sort of poetry, wherein delicacy and tenderness of fancy are wedded to refinement and lucidity of form, seems to be fast dying out. Yet nevertheless it will probably be long before Austin Dobson fails of his fit audience of "thinking hearts," however few, whose feeling toward his poetry will always be akin to that which he has suggested in his lines on the thirteenth century missal,—

"Then a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul."

*An American
traveller
in India.*

"Who wants more books on India?" With this rather daring challenge Mr. M. M. Shoemaker opens his "foreword" to "Indian Pages and Pictures" (Putnam), and the reviewer has regretfully concluded that the attractive looking volume does not furnish a satisfactory answer to the rhetorical question. Of course India is always interesting, even when it is described superficially by a hurried traveller; and no harm is done by a sketchy treatment of selected parts, unless the work is taken seriously by the author or the untravelled reader. But our present writer formally declares that he has tried "to omit all with which the readers at home are so well acquainted," and ostentatiously passes over the Taj Mahal. Yet he records all sorts of well-known things, and describes Fatehpur-Sikri and Akbar's tomb in such a way as to make it frankly clear that he covered them both in the same day, which must have been a pretty strenuous effort in appreciation, even for one of our most active countrymen. Nor is it easy to see why page after page should be filled with the petty incidental annoyances of travel and shopping, or why the poor old "P. & O." voyages should be rehearsed to the extent of two chapters. Furthermore, the public surely has a right to expect that even a "travel-and-place" book should be well written, with the material decently organized, and with some attention to relevance. It is very disconcerting to have an attack on the Parsi disposal of the dead interjected into a peaceful chapter on "Akbar's Town of Victory." However, it is a pleasure to report that the reader will find many interesting chapters in the four hundred and sixty-seven pages of this volume. By far the most attractive are those dealing with the parts of the peninsula in which Mr. Shoemaker and his party moved more leisurely. In the Northwest and Kashmir he had glorious possibilities, and he offers enjoyable reading under such captions as "The Khyber Pass," "Life on a 'Bed of Roses,'" "The Vale of Kashmir," and "Magnificent Shalimar." If he had been willing to take this part of his material, work it over carefully, and present it in a smaller volume, he would have deserved our gratitude. As it is, one can only say that our traveller has added a unit to the large number of readable but negligible books on India. The illustrations are strikingly good.

*The beaver
and its ways.*

The beaver, intellectually the most gifted of rodents, if not indeed of all animal-kind, has a notable book devoted to his accomplishments and habits in Mr. Enos A. Mills's finely-illustrated and thoroughly interesting volume entitled "In Beaver World" (Houghton). For twenty-seven years Mr. Mills has been a student of beaver life in all parts of North America where the animal was to be found, in all seasons of the year, and in conditions that allowed the most intimate and prolonged observation of the marvellous dam-builder and wood-cutter. "Beaver have been my neighbors since I was a boy," he says. "At any time during the past twenty-five years I could go from my cabin on the slope of Long's Peak, Colorado, to a number of colonies within fifteen minutes. . . . Sixty-four days in succession I visited these colonies, three of them twice daily." Such close study has brought its reward in the discovery of certain beaver habits or accomplishments unrecorded by other naturalists. For example, this observer has on a few occasions seen the beaver supplement his ordinary carrying capacity by an adroit use of the curiously-flattened tail, which can be drawn between the hind legs and pressed against the belly in such a way as to hold a lump of mud or a small bundle of sticks. The beaver is man's friend, the first of conservationists in point of time, a strict vegetarian, easily domesticated, and an agreeable and interesting pet when thus tamed and cared for. Few readers of Mr. Mills's account of beaver habits and beaver industries can fail to agree with him in ascribing something very like reason to this remarkable rodent. Indeed, no less an authority than Mr. Romanes, whom Mr. Mills quotes, finds himself forced to grant that the beaver shows the possession both of "faculties undoubtedly instinctive" and of "faculties no less undoubtedly intelligent." A bibliography of beaver literature in English, inconsiderable in quantity as yet, is appended by Mr. Mills to his book, which itself will rank among the foremost works on the subject.

*In the
footsteps
of Ruskin.*

That Ruskin was one of the most kind and helpful and encouraging of men to anyone of earnest purpose who sought his personal counsel, is a fact of which, as time goes on, we are constantly receiving new proofs. The latest witness is provided in the beautiful quarto volume called "Homes and Haunts of Ruskin" (Macmillan). Sir Edward T. Cook, the editor and biographer of Ruskin, has supplied the letter-press; but, as he explains in his preface, the book really owes its origin to the choice illustrations—twenty-eight in color and sixteen in black and white,—reproduced from drawings by Miss E. M. B. Warren. When still a very young girl, Miss Warren had the benefit of art lessons, encouragement, and commissions from Ruskin. After his death, she conceived the happy and pious idea of making an artistic pilgrimage in Ruskin's footsteps to the places where he had lived or which he had loved. Although Ruskin did not travel

widely, he knew a few places thoroughly. He was, by adoption, a child of the Lake Country,—as he himself puts it, “a Cumberland-built soul”; as a child, he had two well-loved homes in Scotland; a year in which he did not see the mountains of Switzerland or of Savoy was considered ill-spent; he had the artist's eye for the pleasant lands of provincial France; and as for Italy, especially Venice, he may almost be said to have discovered it to the modern world. Although attracted to Venice, in the first instance, by love of Byron, his Venetian studies soon opened his eyes to the fact that Byron's view of Venice was melodramatic and by no means accurate. The significance of art, and especially of architecture, as an historical document was what governed his own work and has made him the *vade mecum* of all visitors to Venice since. But, at the last, the first love conquered,—he heard and obeyed the call of his own Lake Country. At Brantwood, on the shore of Coniston Lake, he spent the last thirty years of his life; in the churchyard, on the opposite shore, he rests, as he had wished it, “beneath the crags of Coniston.” All of these places and many more are delightfully pictured by Miss Warren and described by Sir Edward Cook, in the present volume. A more fascinating book for Ruskin lovers would be difficult to imagine.

*The horrors
of a recent
inglorious war.*

Mr. Francis McCullagh, English war correspondent with the Italian army in Tripoli, and author of “Italy's War for a Desert” (F. G. Browne & Co.), is no admirer of the Italian as a soldier. “The Italian soldier is a poltroon,” he roundly asserts. “When not a poltroon he is an Anarchist or a mutineer.” Mr. McCullagh's book, “dedicated to my colleagues and fellow-correspondents, British, German, Austro-Hungarian, Russian, and French, who were not afraid to tell the truth,” is an emphatically anti-Italian account of the late conflict between Italy and Turkey, illustrated and enforced by things seen and heard which certainly do not redound to the glory of those who undertook the “pirate-raid,” as Hamilear Cipriani himself designated the Tripolitan expedition. Both the bone of contention between the two disputants was of little worth to Italy, the author declares, and the manner of its snatching from its ancient possessor was disgraceful and, in some of its details, unspeakably revolting. Incidents in plenty are supplied to prove the inhumanity of the invading army—but is war ever other than inhumane?—and the upholders of Italy's policy and practice in the whole affair will find themselves hard pushed to make out a good case for the defence. More than once is Mr. Richard Bagot especially, whose recent book on “The Italians of Today” contains a warm word in deprecation of just such assaults as Mr. McCullagh delivers, called to account for his alleged refusal to admit the truth. There are two sides to every question, of course, and readers of “Italy's War for a Desert” will do well to read also Mr. Bagot and other writers of pro-Italian

sympathies, although at best the sanguinary struggle for the possession of Tripoli can never be made to appear as anything but a deplorable mistake. Many illustrations from photographs, mute witnesses to the truth of Mr. McCullagh's careful narrative, are to be found in the book.

*Tilting at
Obscurantism.*

In the presence of momentous problems, such as the Freedom of the Will or the Immortality of the Soul, shall mankind trust its intuition rather than its reason? On ultimate analysis, does the tremendously expedient, the hypothesis of God, for example, prove to be the same as the actually true? Is there any final relation between the “will to believe” and objective reality? Can a belief whose falsity is recognized by keener intellects be justifiably and helpfully propagated among men and women of less enlightenment? These and kindred questions are the subjects of discussion in “Vernon Lee's” latest book, which bears the significant title, “Vital Lies” (Lane). “Pragmatism” in philosophy, “Modernism” and “Anthropological Apologetics” in religion, and the “Syndicalist Myth” in social morals are passed in searching review and condemned in all their ramifications as phases of “Obscurantism,” theoretical or applied. Unquestionably many readers will lay the book aside as only another clever expression of agnosticism or materialistic realism. To others, and the present reviewer among them, these two volumes must seem to contain not only criticisms that are generally sound but also many suggestions that are constructively helpful. By thoughtful readers of either class the work will be pronounced the product of a pen that has achieved an admirable style, of a personality that is keenly alive to human problems, and of a cultivated mind that has an enviable knowledge of art and general literature, as well as of philosophic thought from the layman's point of view. One will seldom take equal pleasure in reading five hundred controversial pages on similar themes. The volumes are pleasing in exterior form, with their simple binding and legible type; but one notices an unpardonable number of slips in the proofreading, particularly in the quotations from French authors.

*National songs
of the world.*

Mr. Granville Bantock, who edited for “The Musicians' Library” (Ditson) “One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations,” has doubled our debt to him by preparing for the same series a collection of “Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations.” This is a work of extraordinary interest and value, giving us, as it does, the words and music of all the famous national songs of the world, with texts in the original as well as in English. A few of these songs, no doubt, have been made to order, and bear the marks of artificiality, but most of them are of sterling value, and count among the most important assets of their respective nations. Thirty-four nations are represented, including the Balkan States, the South

American and South African Republics, Iceland, Canada, Egypt, and Japan. It is a pity that our own nation should have nothing better to contribute to such a showing than "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Hail Columbia." Our poverty-stricken condition is made painfully evident when we compare these trivial tunes with such deeply-felt expressions of national spirit as are found in "La Marseillaise," the Austrian hymn, the Danish "Kong Kristian," the Norwegian "Ja vi elsker," and the Russian "God Save the Czar!" The introductory essay in this volume is by a Mr. Anderton (the rest of whose name, in facsimile autograph, being illegible); but Mr. Bantock is responsible for the useful notes, and it is his portrait that appears as the frontispiece.

*Libraries and
library work
in Canada.*

Mr. E. A. Hardy, of the Toronto Public Library, contributes to the literature of his profession a small volume on "The Public Library: Its Place in Our Educational System" (Toronto: William Briggs). "The thesis is herein maintained," he explains in his preface, "that the public library in Ontario is historically and logically a part of the educational system of the Province"—a proposition not very difficult to prove, surely. In the author's preliminary historical sketch of the public-library movement in the world at large and in his own part of it in particular, the fewness of libraries in Canada outside of Ontario is brought to the reader's attention. In fact, the public-library movement in Canada has until very recently confined itself to this more favored province, beyond whose borders there are probably not twenty-five Canadian free libraries. Mr. Hardy's second chapter discusses the purposes of the public library, then he considers its "general activities," its "special activities in relation to education," and finally some essentials to its success. A short bibliography follows, after which are appended papers read at late meetings of the Ontario Library Association. Views and plans of a few recent library buildings, five in Ontario and one in Maine, are interspersed. Although, as in so much of library literature, there is in the book, perhaps necessarily and properly, a certain tendency to prove the obvious and elucidate the self-evident, it is a handy little manual and conveys some information not too familiar to library workers on this side of the Canadian boundary.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Dr. Herbert H. Gowen's "Outline History of China" (Sherman, French & Co.) probably covers the thousands of years of Chinese history as satisfactorily as the task could be accomplished in less than two hundred pages. It is to be questioned, however, whether the object for which the book was written could be attained in less than twice the space allowed. The author desired to interest American readers in the history of China prior to the modern period of European influence, but the limitation of space forces him to reduce his account dur-

ing one half of that earlier period to a mere thread of dynasties and rulers. The latter half is more entertaining, and the writer could have added much to the respect of Americans for China had he enlarged his scope.

Dr. Henry Osborn Taylor's important and exhaustive work on "Ancient Ideals," described in its sub-title as "a study of intellectual and spiritual growth from early times to the establishment of Christianity," is now reissued in a second edition (Macmillan). Originally published seven years ago, the work was reviewed in our issue of June 16, 1897. Save for a few verbal changes, no revision has been attempted in this new edition, as the author feels that this "might have impaired the equal temper and conviction which seem to me to give the book unity."

Among the authentic collections of poems of the Civil War is a Southern piece written just after the close of the great struggle, entitled "The Land Where We Were Dreaming." Its author was then a young Virginian, afterwards Judge Daniel B. Lucas, whose recent death is commemorated by the publication (Richard G. Badger) of a volume of his poems under the title of the one just named, which is the most famous and significant of his pieces. The volume is supplied with an appreciative Introduction by Professor Charles W. Kent of the University of Virginia; and some interesting Notes by the poet's daughter, Miss Virginia Lucas, attest the filial devotion to which the appearance of the volume is doubtless due.

Mrs. Mary Ridpath-Mann, who claims her father's love of history as an inheritance, has written a pleasant little account of four "Royal Women" (McClurg) in support of her claim. The four women dealt with are Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and the Empress Josephine. Each is treated very simply and very briefly, with no attempt to tell more of the life than is necessary in order to give a vivid picture of the personality. The book is so attractively written that it might be read with pleasure and profit even by those—if there were any such—who had previously known nothing of these romantic lives. It owes its charm largely to the fact that the author has visited almost every locality mentioned, at least as far as England and France are concerned. The volume is illustrated with about fifty reproductions of paintings, photographs, etc.

In their volume of "Representative Essays in Modern Thought" (American Book Co.), Messrs. Harrison Ross Steeves and Frank Humphrey Ristine have brought together nineteen more or less classic approaches to the most important phases of modern thought, ranging in point of time from Mill's "Of the Liberty of Thought and Discussion" to Dr. Charles Fletcher Dole's "Truth and Immortality." In some instances both sides of a moot question are presented in opposing essays,—as in the case of W. K. Clifford's "The Ethics of Belief" and William James's "The Will to Believe," and in Matthew Arnold's "Sweetness and Light" and Huxley's "Science and Culture." The purpose of the compilers has been to provide a basis for composition which would "serve the purpose of not merely developing a formal accuracy in writing, but of expanding the student's ideas and increasing the number of his points of contact with vital questions." But a great many readers outside the classroom should welcome a volume which embraces so much material of the first importance, gathered from such scattered sources.

NOTES.

Mr. William English Walling, author of "Socialism as It Is," has in press with the Macmillan Co. a new volume dealing with "The Larger Aspects of Socialism."

Still another eye-witness's account of recent events in the Balkans is promised in a volume entitled "With the Bulgarian Staff," by Mr. Noel Buxton, which the Macmillan Co. will publish.

"The New Tendency in Art," a little book by Mr. Henry R. Poore dealing with the various "isms" now agitating the art public, is announced for early issue by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The first instalment of a new serial by Mrs. Humphry Ward, entitled "The Coryston Family," appears in "Harper's Magazine" for May. It is a novel of to-day, and is described as "a love story pure and simple."

An interesting collection of "Sentence Pictures," from the writings of Mr. Will Levington Comfort, has been made up in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution by Mr. Comfort's publishers, the J. B. Lippincott Co.

Miss Evelyn Underhill, whose volume on "Mysticism" has won a prominent place in philosophical literature, has prepared a new work in the same field—"The Mystic Way," which Messrs. Dutton will publish immediately.

A biographical and critical study of George Meredith, by Mr. Constantine Photiades, is announced by Messrs. Scribner. The opening chapter records the visit of the author to Box Hill, and his detailed interview with Meredith.

Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's "The New Competition," a detailed analysis of and argument for coöperation in mercantile and industrial pursuits, will be re-issued immediately by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. in a new and cheaper edition.

Under the title of "Zones of the Spirit," Messrs. Putnam will soon publish an English translation of August Strindberg's *Blau Buch*,—his last work. The translation has been prepared by Mr. Claud Field, M.A., and Mr. Arthur Babillotte contributes an introduction.

A new refutation of "The Baconian Heresy" has been made by Mr. J. M. Robertson in a volume to be published at once by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. "No Baconian can ever raise his head again after reading this book," assert the publishers, who are evidently not familiar with the Baconian's peculiar psychology.

In addition to the selection from Goldwin Smith's correspondence now being made by Mr. Arnold Haultain, we are also to have before long a volume of personal reminiscences by Mr. Haultain to be entitled "Goldwin Smith as I Knew Him." These reminiscences will deal with the last twenty years of Goldwin Smith's life.

Quite the best thing in the "The English Review" for April is Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Seeing Life," the first of a series of essays on "The Story Teller's Craft." Two long poems of fine quality are contributed by Messrs. W. H. Davies and John Helston; while Mr. R. A. Scott-James has a thoughtful discussion of "Literature as a Fine Art."

A second volume of collected essays by William Graham Sumner is announced by the Yale University Press under the title of "Earth Hunger and Other Essays." The volume is planned to include all Professor Sumner's work as yet unpublished, and every effort is being made to make it complete, even to occasional

utterances, often unsigned. A complete bibliography will be appended to the work. As in the case of "War and Other Essays," Professor Albert G. Keller will act as editor.

The Countess Marie Larisch's forthcoming autobiography, while somewhat in the nature of a *chronique scandaleuse*, is likely to prove of considerable legitimate interest. The author is a niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, being the daughter of Duke Ludwig of Bavaria, the favorite brother of the Empress. Messrs. Putnam will publish the book immediately in an English translation entitled "My Past."

Clarence Walter Ayer, librarian of the Cambridge (Mass.) Public Library since 1904, died suddenly at his home on the morning of April 12. Teaching, library work, and music had been his chief interests since his graduation from Harvard in 1885. A professorship of English at Western Reserve University from 1892 to 1894, the care of the reference department of the Harvard University Library for the following four years, and after that the post of librarian at the Brockton (Mass.) Public Library until 1904, were the principal positions filled by him before assuming the duties which he was still discharging at the time of his death. Born at Haverhill in 1862, he was cut off in the prime of his powers.

Lester F. Ward, one of the most widely known of American writers on scientific subjects, died April 18 in Washington. He was born in 1841, at Joliet, Ill. After serving in the Civil War, and graduating from Columbian (now George Washington) University, he went into government work—first in the Treasury Department, then with the geological survey. His published works include the following: "Guide to Flora of Washington and Vicinity," "Dynamic Sociology," "Sketch of Paleobotany," "Synopsis of the Flora of the Laramie Group," "Types of the Laramie Flora," "Geographical Distribution of Fossil Plants," "Psychic Factors of Civilization," "Psychological Basis of Social Economics," "Political Ethics of Spencer," "Principles of Sociology," "Outlines of Sociology," "Sociology and Economics," and "Pure Sociology."

To the lay reader, the most interesting feature of "The Hibbert Journal" for April is Mr. John Galsworthy's suggestive discussion of "The New Spirit in the Drama." This new spirit is Sincerity—"fidelity to mood, to impression, to self." There is the usual strong array in this issue of articles on religious and philosophical subjects. We note in Mr. John A. Hobson's essay, "How Is Wealth to Be Valued?" an instance of misquotation good (or bad) enough to deserve recording. Evidently wishing to quote Browning's lines,

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!"

Mr. Hobson gives us this poetic gem:

"A little more, and what a difference!
A little less, and oh! what worlds apart!"

The latest of several new periodicals devoted to the interests of poetry is "Poetry and Drama," a quarterly edited by Mr. Harold Monro and published from his Poetry Bookshop in London. The first issue, just put forth, makes an imposing appearance, and presents an interesting list of articles, reviews, and verse. Like its English contemporary, "The Poetry Review," Mr. Monro's venture aims more at discussion of poetry than the presentation of original verse. This plan

seems to us likelier to advance the interests of the muse than such exploitation of mediocre bards as has so far found too large a place in the poetry magazines published in this country. Unlike our own ventures, also, the two English reviews are dignified and handsome in appearance, as well as impeccable typographically. They deserve the cordial support of American poetry-lovers.

News reaches us as we go to press of the death, on April 27, of Andrew Sloan Draper, first commissioner of education in New York State, and for ten years (1894-1904) president of the University of Illinois. He was born at Waterford, New York, in 1848, graduating from the old Albany academy and Albany Law school of Union University. During his practice of law, lasting fifteen years, he served as member of the state legislature. In 1885 he was appointed member of the court of commissioners for the Alabama claims, and on conclusion of the commission's work became state superintendent of public instruction. This post he held for six years, then became superintendent of public instruction in Cleveland, which position he left in 1894 to go to the University of Illinois. The highest educational post New York City had to offer him after the unification of the boroughs he declined after election, leaving Illinois only to take the work as the head of the New York state schools. For more than ten years he had been a member of the board of United States Indian Commissioners. Besides numerous published addresses, he was the author of "The Rescue of Cuba" and "American Education."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1913.

Aretic, My Quest in the—VI. V. Stefánsson . . . *Harper*
Armaments of Europe. Sydney Brooks . . . *North American*
Art Progress, Illusion of. Kenyon Cox . . . *Century*
Associated Press, The. Frank B. Noyes . . . *North American*
Athena, Environs of. Robert Hichens . . . *Century*
"Best Sellers" of France. Alvan F. Sanborn . . . *Bookman*
Books, Eight Million, a Year. S. Comstock . . . *World's Work*
Broadhurst, Addison—V. E. M. Woolley . . . *World's Work*
Chemicals, Making Foods of. L. K. Hirschberg . . . *World's Work*
Christian Unity. Franklin S. Spalding . . . *Atlantic*
Church, Reuniting the. H. E. Fosdick . . . *North American*
City, The Coming. John S. Gregory . . . *World's Work*
Consular Service, Crisis for our. Dudley Harmon . . . *Lippincott*
Corporation Deed of Trust. E. S. Mead . . . *Lippincott*
Crippled Children, My Work for. Blanche Van
L. Browne . . . *World's Work*
Currency Reform. Amos K. Fiske . . . *North American*
Drood, Edwin, Fate of. Burton E. Stevenson . . . *Bookman*
Electric Supply Corporation, The. Alan Sullivan . . . *Harper*
English, Precision's. Ellwood Hendrick . . . *Atlantic*
English Friends. Charles Eliot Norton . . . *Scribner*
Evolution, A Problem in. William Patten . . . *Popular Science*
Feminism, Bergson's Message to. Marian Cox . . . *Forum*
Fine Arts, The Last of the. Carl S. Hansen . . . *Forum*
Freedom, The New—V. Woodrow Wilson . . . *World's Work*
Fur Seals, Conservation of. G. A. Clark . . . *North American*
Gardens, Our City. Maurice Maeterlinck . . . *Bookman*
Germany's International Relations. Price Collier . . . *Scribner*
Grub Street Problem, The—III. Algernon Tassin . . . *Bookman*
Guam, The Magic of. Marjorie L. Sewell . . . *Atlantic*
Harvey, William. D. Fraser Harris . . . *Popular Science*
Hayes-Tilden Contest, The. Henry Watterson . . . *Century*
Health, New York's Fight for. Richard Barry . . . *Century*
Hereditary and the Hall of Fame. F. A. Woods . . . *Pop. Sci.*
Hospitals, Origin and Evolution of. John Foote . . . *Pop. Sci.*
Houdon Jean: French Sculptor. Lorado Taft . . . *Scribner*

Ibsen, Personal Recollections of. Bolette Sontum . . . *Bookman*
Indians, North American. Clark Wissler . . . *Popular Science*
Industries Worth Having. F. W. Taussig . . . *Atlantic*
Insects and Greek Poetry. Lafcadio Hearn . . . *Atlantic*
Ireland, A Nation in—III. Darrell Figgis . . . *Forum*
Jones, "Golden Rule." Brand Whitlock . . . *American*
Korea, Northern. Roy C. Andrews . . . *Harper*
Lincoln's Alma Mater. Eleanor Atkinson . . . *Harper*
Literature, Popularity in. R. A. Scott-James . . . *No. Amer.*
Maeterlinck, Comrades of. Bernard Muddiman . . . *Forum*
Minimum Wage, The Legal. James Boyle . . . *Forum*
Money Trust, Hunt for a. Ida M. Tarbell . . . *American*
Money Trust, The. Alexander D. Noyes . . . *Atlantic*
Morgan, John Pierpont. Charles Vale . . . *Forum*
Motion Picture Teacher, The. Carl Holliday . . . *World's Work*
Moving-Picture, Widening Field of. C. S. Brewer . . . *Century*
Oneida College, My Work at. J. A. Burns . . . *American*
Optimism, The New. G. T. W. Patrick . . . *Popular Science*
Pan-Islamism, Menace of. Albert Edwards . . . *No. Amer.*
Peru, Southern, and Arequipa. Ernest Peixotto . . . *Scribner*
Philippines, American Control of. Bernard Moses . . . *Atlantic*
Philippines, The, by Way of India. H. Fielding-Hall . . . *Atlantic*
Plays, Familiar, Source of Pleasure in. O. W. Firkins . . . *N. Amer.*
Radicalism. John Temple Graves, Jr. . . . *Forum*
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Science, Serene Evangel of. F. B. R. Hellems . . . *Forum*
Secret Service, New Chief of the. F. M. White . . . *World's Work*
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Social Decadence. Scott Nearing . . . *North American*
Socialism and the State. Jules Roche . . . *North American*
Speech, Purism in. Leila S. Learned . . . *Atlantic*
Tagore, Rabindra Nath, Poems of. May Sinclair . . . *No. Amer.*
Tariff "Schedule K," Our. N. I. Stone . . . *Century*
Tramp Steamer Captains. George Harding . . . *Harper*
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Wilson at Work. William B. Hale . . . *World's Work*
Winds, Erosional Work of. C. R. Keyes . . . *Popular Science*
Woman, The Old "New." Edna Kenton . . . *Bookman*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 120 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Essays in Biography. By Charles Whibley. 12mo, 311 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Von Alexander Baumgartner. S. J. Volume I. Third edition, revised; large 8vo, 569 pages. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.25 net.
Life of Sir Henry Vane the Younger, Statesman and Mystic (1613-1662). By John Willcock, D. D. Illustrated, 8vo, 412 pages. London: The Saint Catherine Press.
The Measure of the Gift: Being an Appreciative Pen Portrait of Cyrus Townsend Brady, LL. D. By Ada M. Kassimer. With portrait, 8vo, 61 pages. Kansas City: The Crafters. 50 cts.

HISTORY.

The Early History of the House of Savoy (1000-1233). By C. W. Previté-Orton, M. A. 8vo, 492 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 net.
The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida. By William Watson Davis, Ph. D. 8vo, 769 pages. Columbia University Press. Paper, \$4. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Lore of Proserpine. By Maurice Hewlett. 12mo, 245 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35 net.
Selected Thoughts from the French: Fifteenth to Twentieth Century, with English translations. By J. Raymond Solly. 12mo, 350 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

The Invincible Alliance, and Other Essays, Political, Social, and Literary. By Francis Grierson. 12mo, 234 pages. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

Intimations: Dealing Mainly with Aspects of Everyday Living. By John D. Barry. 8vo, 196 pages. Paul Elder & Co. \$1.50 net.

Peter and the Fairies. By Arthur Henry. 16mo, 80 pages. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.

Monographs. By Willard Dillman; with Introduction by Richard Burton. 16mo, 73 pages. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

Plays. By Björnsterne Björnson. Including "The Gauntlet," "Beyond Our Power," and "The New System." Translated from the Norwegian, with Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. With portrait, 12mo, 280 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Esther Waters: A Play in Five Acts. By George Moore. 8vo, 153 pages. John W. Luce & Co. \$1.25 net.

Hindle Wakes: A Play in Three Acts. By Stanley Houghton. 12mo, 109 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.

Chains: A Play in Four Acts. By Elizabeth Baker. 12mo, 80 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.

Mary Broome: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Allan Monkhouse. 12mo, 84 pages. John W. Luce & Co. 75 cts. net.

Idioms: The Man that Was a Ghost. By James A. Mackereth. 16mo, 84 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. 60 cts. net.

Immanence: A Book of Verses. By Evelyn Underhill. 12mo, 83 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25 net.

The Quiet Spirit. By John Spencer Muirhead. 12mo, 87 pages. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Old World Ballads. By Padric Gregory. With frontispiece, 15mo, 72 pages. London: David Nutt.

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. 12mo, 50 pages. London: David Nutt.

Songs of Seven Years. By Sydney Rowe. 12mo, 60 pages. Sherman, French & Co. \$1. net.

The Kingdom of All-Souls, and Two Other Poems for Christmas. By George Edward Woodberry. 8vo, 32 pages. Published for the Woodberry Society.

Thersites: A Dramatic Fragment. By Henry Barrett Hinckley. 8vo, 58 pages. Northampton: The Nonotuck Press.

Brand: A Dramatic Poem. By Henrik Ibsen; translated into English prose by J. M. Olberman. With portrait, 16mo, 168 pages. "Oregon Edition." Portland: J. M. Olberman. 75 cts.

Poems. By John T. Locklider. 12mo, 254 pages. Richard G. Badger.

The Ascension. By Jeanie Oliver Smith. 12mo. Richard G. Badger. Paper.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Tragedy of Julius Caesar. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Large 8vo, 482 pages. "Variorum Edition." J. B. Lippincott Co. \$4. net.

The Works of Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. Volumes IX. and X. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. Per volume, \$2. net. (Sold only by subscription.)

The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane. Translated from the French of Lesage by Tobias Smollett; with Introduction by William Morton Fullerton. 8vo, 442 pages. "Library of Early Novelists." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2. net.

Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution. Edited by W. Alison Phillips, M. A., and Catherine Beatrice Phillips. 12mo, 311 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25 net.

FICTION.

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Panama and What It Means. By John Foster Fraser. Illustrated, 12mo, 291 pages. Cassell & Co., Ltd. \$1.75 net.

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The American Economic Review, March, 1913. With Supplement, containing Papers and Proceedings of the Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Economic Association, Boston, Massachusetts, December, 1912. 8vo. Cambridge: American Economic Association. Paper, each, \$1.25.

The Increasing Needs of a Nation. By J. Abbott Cantrell, M. D. 12mo, 235 pages. R. F. Fenno & Co.

SCIENCE.

The Entomologist's Log-Book and Dictionary of the Life Histories and Food Plants of the British Macro-Lepidoptera. By Alfred George Scorer. 8vo, 374 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

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